The Sea People

- Cat Corner - SW Ireland
- Pahi 42 build articles
- Hitia 17 engine mounting
- Tiki 21 modified
- River Cruising - Canadian style!
- Ruth's Diary - The Festival

No 28

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The Sea People

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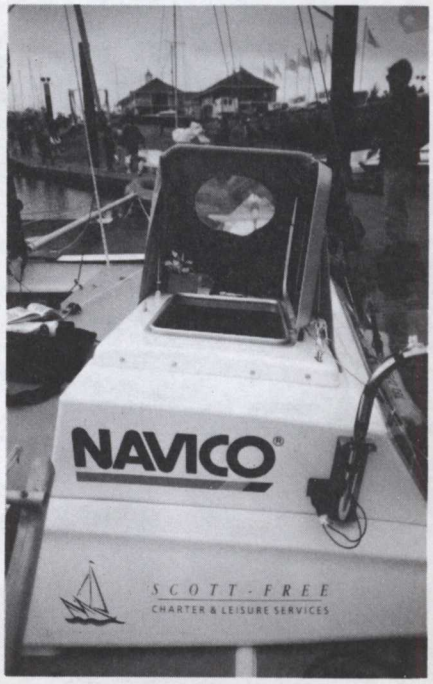
Front cover photo

Tiki 26 "Dream Time"
in Spain

SCOTT BROWN
BROKERAGE SERVICES

Fancy building a Tiki 38
or Pahi 42?
Need to sell your Classic first?

I have International
Customers looking for
Large Wharram Cats.



Trans-Atlantic GRP Tiki 26
'Sharing the Challenge'
now for sale.

Builders: Boat cannot be completed
due to unforeseen circumstances?

Don't allow it to sit deteriorating
when I have customers who
would like to buy a 'project'.

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JIM'S COLUMN

"Write a "Jim's Column", said the editor to me. Now I am beginning to realise, why the editors of the 'Sea People' are always complaining that not sufficient people, once they have built their boats, write about sailing them.

During the building of 'The Boat', there is a desire to communicate with other people, sharing building hints and experiences, but once the boat is finished, it is as if one moves into another world - the world of sailing. Sailing, not racing.

If we in the P.C.A. were a group of racing enthusiasts, we would be more than pleased to give a wave by wave account of our sailing, describing, how we won - or nearly won - or hope to win next time. Racing has a clear, objective purpose - to win.

"Sailing" is not objective. You can sail a HITIA 17 around the Fal estuary, or sail in places like the Chesapeake Bay in the U.S.A., or in the Bay of Islands in New Zealand and many similar places in the world.

Or you can sail a PAHI 63 across the oceans. There is no winner or loser in comparing the experiences, no hierarchical value system. Our modern society runs on the concept of winners and losers. Our sailing does not.

So we sail away, and as we settle down to the natural rhythm of the sea, feel ourselves changing within, we begin to feel more remote and inarticulate. It becomes more difficult to explain to others the subtleties of the feel of sailing.

I shocked a yacht magazine editor recently, who asked me about our trans Atlantic and Pacific voyages, when I said: "Well, we just loaded up the GAIA with food and drinks, pointed her in the right direction, and off she went."

Still, I/we have to do better than this. At the moment, I am writing a book about us, "The Fair Haired Children of Tangaroa".
Do you know, that since 1976 about 5,000 of us have obtained the plans to build a Polynesian Double Canoe/ Catamaran. Hundreds of them have been built and hundreds of voyages have been made. Voyages around the coasts, in local seas and across the great oceans. We are a new "tribe" of sea-loving seafarers. Our collective voyages over the last 20 years equal any of the historical migration voyages of the ancient Polynesians.

But because, as has been pointed out to me by the editor and the 'Sea People' committee, "we" do not write about our sailing experiences, much of our work experience is overlooked or lost.

I frequently get remarks from outside about "The Wharram Cult"!!. Now, to have a cult, you have to have a leader, that the cult looks up to and follows. If I am the leader of the cult, something is wrong.

On arrival in Auckland, New Zealand, this year, I gave a lecture. I had to be very careful of what I said, for in the audience, there was Rory McDougal, who had sailed mostly single handed his TIKI 21 from Britain to New Zealand.

There were Tim and Heather Whelan, who, with their family had sailed a NARAI MK.IV to New Zealand. There was the family of the ORO "KATE COOLEY", who also had sailed from Britain to New Zealand.

Don Brazier of New Zealand, our host who is now looking after GAIA in front of his house, next to his NARAI MK.IV 'KATIPO' and who with his family had encountered a 70 knot gale on a voyage from New Zealand to Tonga. James Hayward had sailed a CAPTAIN COOK from the Gulf States to New Zealand and there were many others.

It is true, that I had the biggest Wharram design, but the comment to that observation was: "Well, Jim, as you get older, your 'vigour' declines, so you have a get a bigger boat to compensate!!".

No, we are not a cult in the accepted sense of the word, but we are a body of dedicated, no-nonsense sailors. As such to give thanks for our part in it, we have to help others, which means writing about our experiences.

In the Pacific Islands, notably Tahiti (see Ruth's article) this year, I found an astonishing lack of understanding on how Polynesian Double Canoes sailed. Amongst the Double Canoe replicas from Hawaii, Tahiti, Cook Islands and New Zealand, there seemed to be an actual fear of sailing them.

All seven of the wood/ply/ epoxy/ synthetic rope "replicas" of Polynesian craft were at all times at sea shadowed by a personal, heavily motorised escort yacht. When conditions became difficult, like windward work etc., the escort craft took the Polynesian craft in tow!!.

Their rigging work and sailing concepts were abysmal, yet could have been solved in a couple of days with a group from any of the world-wide chapters of sailing Polynesian Catamaran builders. In fact, the New Zealand P.C.A. builders will be helping in the building of a pure Polynesian design, i.e. with Crab claw sails, no rudders etc. called the "SAMOA" which we have designed.

As its name implies, it is based on the Samoan hull form and being built for a Samoan artist Fatu Feu'U. When finished, it will be used for research into pure Polynesian Double Canoes, ending with a no towboat voyage from New Zealand to Samoa.

It is a wonderful closing of the circle. Our lives have been enriched with the ancient Polynesian Double Canoe concept, and now with our knowledge, we can revive the pure ancient Polynesian Double Canoe itself.

The only problem is that our editor insists we keep writing about it.

RUTH'S DIARY

Part 3

Ruth Wharram

8.4.95 - On board Spirit of Gaia between Tahiti and the Cook Islands.

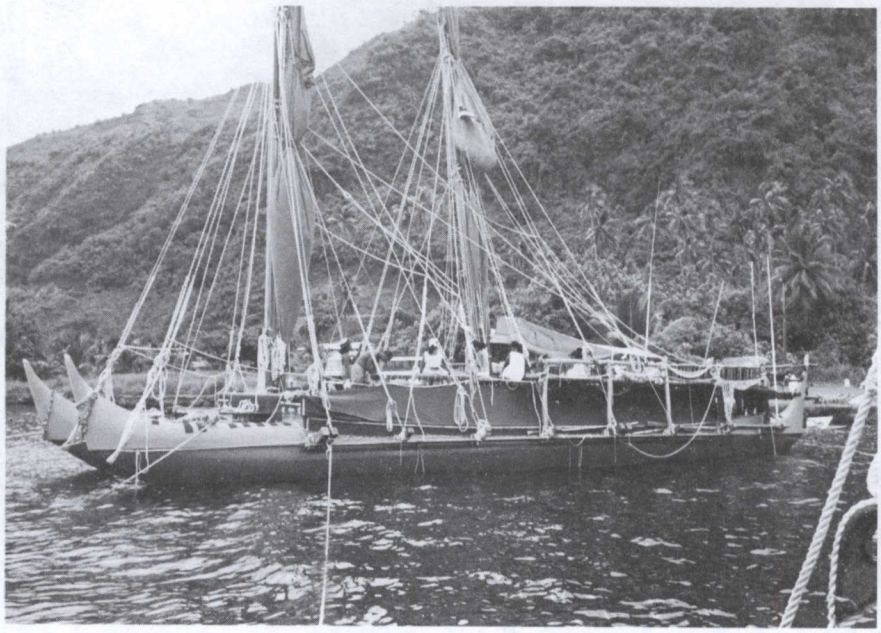
"What was the Tahiti meeting like?" Well, it was nothing like I/we had expected. James already had doubts on the way as to whether we would really be welcome, but because I had spoken several times to Karim Cowan, who had invited us and who had been so enthusiastic (as were the people in Tahiti), I felt more confident.

But it was not so easy. The head organisers were the "Polynesian Voyaging Society" in Hawaii, and Tahiti itself was split into two camps (parties) - the government one, and the other group who believed, like Karim, that the double canoe not only has a past which belongs only to the Polynesians, but also that it has a future which belongs to the world. Few people saw it this way - which is also ours - and only after talking to us, and seeing the "Spirit of Gaia", could they understand our ideas.

So, we were not really accepted as we were not 'one of them'. We were outsiders, non-Polynesians, and it was a Polynesian assembly. Perhaps Karim realised this (he, himself, was an outsider), but because he wanted us to come, he invited us to be an "Escort Boat" to make us part of the group. This helped financially with the "bond", harbour dues etc., but what were we escorting?

That was another disappointment. The escort boats were not there to sail close to the canoes in case assistance was needed. No, they were, in fact, towing the boats most of the time from place to place like exhibits - from ceremony to ceremony - feast to feast - though I think that the three Hawaiian canoes and the two Cook Island ones did sail some of the way from Hawaii and Rarotonga and will be sailing back to Hawaii. Also the New Zealand one, which had not been ready in time and which was shipped to Tahiti, did some sailing.

To sail alongside them at sea was what I had been looking forward to, but we have been unable to do this as we came from the East, and are now sailing South to New Zealand instead of North to Hawaii with the others.



This final decision was made partly because there will be a lot of Polynesian ceremonies, both in the Marguesas (their next stop), and in Hawaii, and we would not be able to take part in them. The second reason is that we need a good, safe berth for "Spirit of Gaia" while we spend 3-4 months working in England. Although we met many individuals from Hawaii who said that they could find a place for her in Hawaii (but at what cost?), we do have our friend and agent, Don Brazier, in New Zealand. He has offered us a berth next to his own boat, in front of his house in Auckland. It will be Autumn there when we arrive, but Spring when we return, so we could see something of New Zealand before heading North into the Pacific again. By then, we should know whether the Bonin Island Project with the Japanese TV company will go ahead or not.

Back to the Double Canoe Gathering. The idea had come up in 1992, during a cultural Polynesian Festival in the Cook Islands. "Hokulea", the main canoe, has been sailing for 20 years, and made many trips across the Pacific. It is sponsored by the government and used for educational purposes. It is a sailing school, taking pupils on voyages and studying star navigation. There were several crew changes on this occasion, and they made daily broadcasts to schools during the festival.

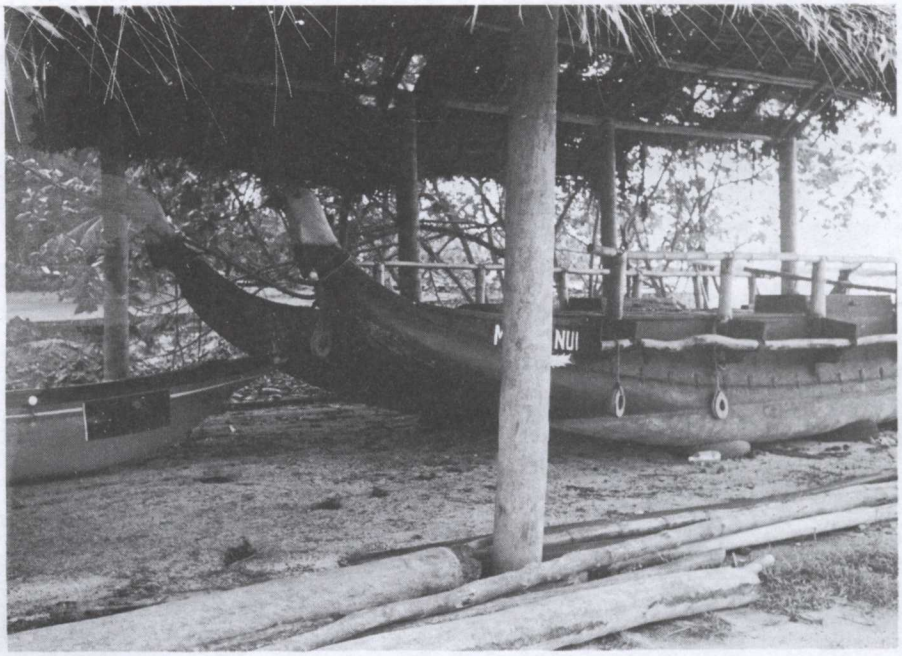
The government also decided to sponsor a second Double Canoe, "Hawai'loa". So, at the 1992 festival, the governments of the Cook Isles and Tahiti also decided to sponsor canoes for the proposed 1995 festival. "Takitumu", in effect a proa, was the Cook Island entry and "Tahiti Nui" the Tahitian one. The former has been sailing since 1993, but "Tahiti Nui" was still not finished when we arrived. Apart from her beautifully carved and sculptured decoration, there was not much approval for her design and construction. When she was finally finished and on her way to the last meeting in Taitira, one of her beams broke and a sail ripped, amongst other mishaps, and I believe that she has now been forced to give up the sail to the Marquesas and Hawaii.

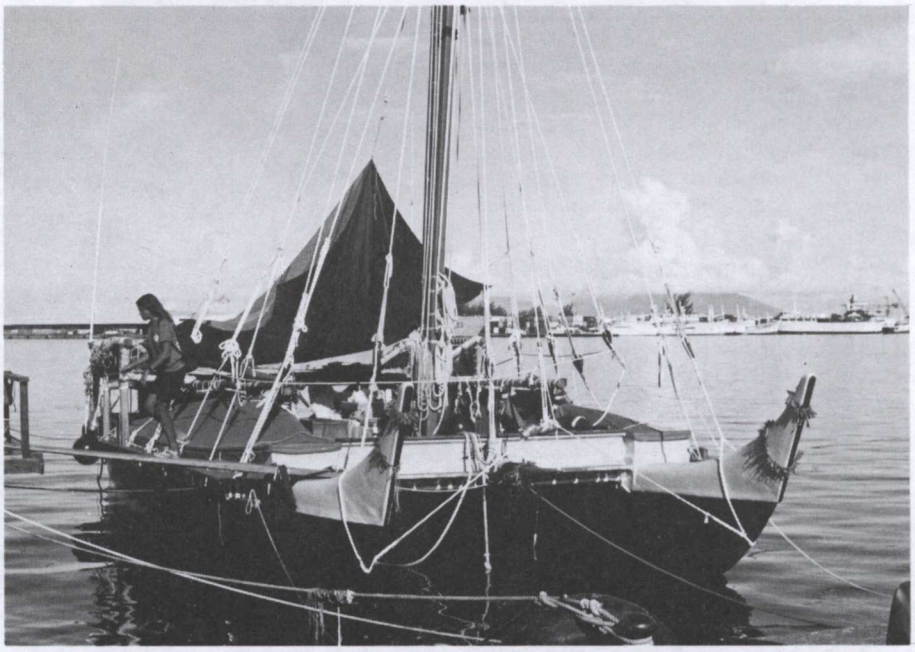
Nor was Karim Cowan's "Aa Kahiki nul" finished any earlier. On the way to Tautira he lost his engine and, as he had had no sea trials at all, he reluctantly gave up sailing his own canoe which had been his dream for years, and he joined "Hokulea" which he had sailed on several times before.

Apart from Karim's private effort, the other islands also had non-sponsored, non-government canoes: "Te'aurere" from New Zealand, "Makali'i" from Hawaii and "Te'au 0 Tonga" from the Cook Islands, in which individuals and families had put all their own efforts and money (some, even their life savings) to have their own canoe.

Now, six out of the eight original canoes are on their way to the Marquesas. All are big canoes, between 57' and 72'. James's aim had been to encourage many more islands to build their own canoes - smaller ones - so that more people would be able to sail their own boats. (I believe that there had been quite a few smaller ones from the Cook Islands at their festival in 1992). More people should be able to join in the festival - all the islands have hundreds of their own beautiful little outriggers, which they constantly sail and race, or just use like dinghies.

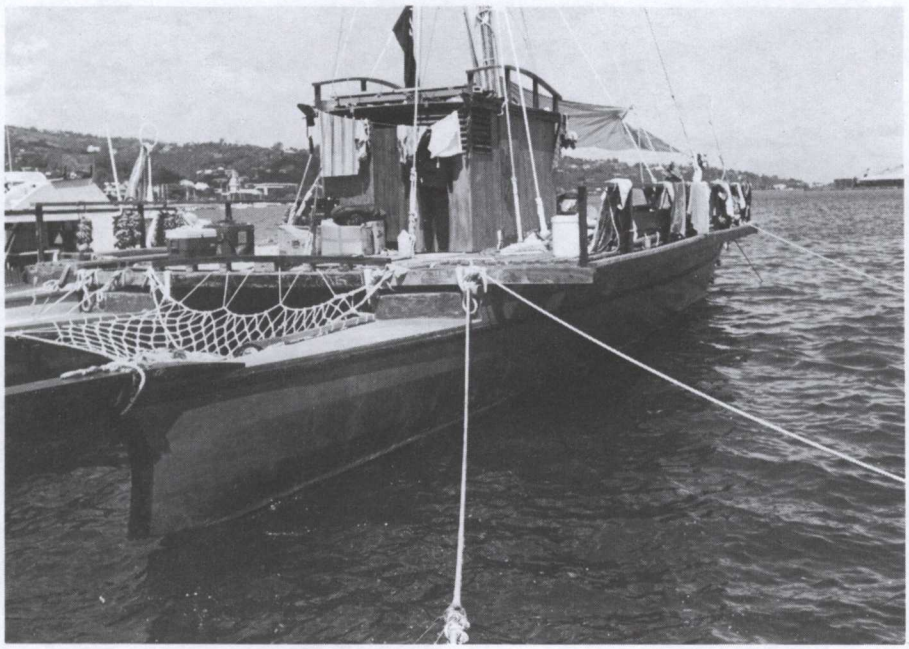
Perhaps there should be something in between these little outriggers and the big voyaging canoes. For some time we had thought that this might be the aim of the intended new Association, of which we could have been a part. But, when we read the first draft rules "Charter", it sounded so political, stressing the Pacific people. Though some non-Pacific groups (like us, perhaps), who are particularly interested in the Polynesian canoes, could join, after reading through ten pages about the structure of this association (including one page of their aims), we decided that we didn't want to join the Association. As our friends, who sailed with us said "Leave them alone, and carry on with





what you have always done - design double canoes and include some smaller ones with experimental sailrigs. Make them successful and maybe, one day, they will be accepted by some of the island groups for their own use".

Perhaps we had looked at the meeting too much from the designers' point of view, to compare rigs, hull shapes, construction, width of overall beams etc., to share and offer ideas and learn from theirs. In that we failed, although we may have planted a seed of our ideas into the minds of the many individuals who came aboard "Spirit of Gaia", and were surprised to hear about the thousands of our catamarans which are sailing all over the world, and who were fascinated with our boat.



We also talked to many people ashore, both from the canoes and from the islands. We took part in the festivities (as did the other "Escort" boats) and enjoyed feasts, with entertainment by the locals and canoe crews. We were even allowed to watch the "secret" holy ceremony at Raiatea, together with hundreds of other people, standing around and enjoying their coconuts and snacks, while the serious re-dedication of the temple took place.

Well, was it worth it? Sailing 8,500 miles almost directly in 2½ months, without stopping to enjoy the many islands in between - West Indies, Galapagos and the other islands in the Society group - just to get to the Assembly in time? I think that it was. We have learned quite a lot about the "Polynesian Voyaging Society", their history, their aims and their canoes. We met many islanders, saw their canoes and experienced something of the Pacific.

Now we hope to see something of the Cook Islands, and we are able to sail to New Zealand. By the time that we arrive there, we will have sailed half-way round the world and, as we will have to sail back to Europe later in the year, then we hope to carry on and complete the other half of our round-the-world voyage.

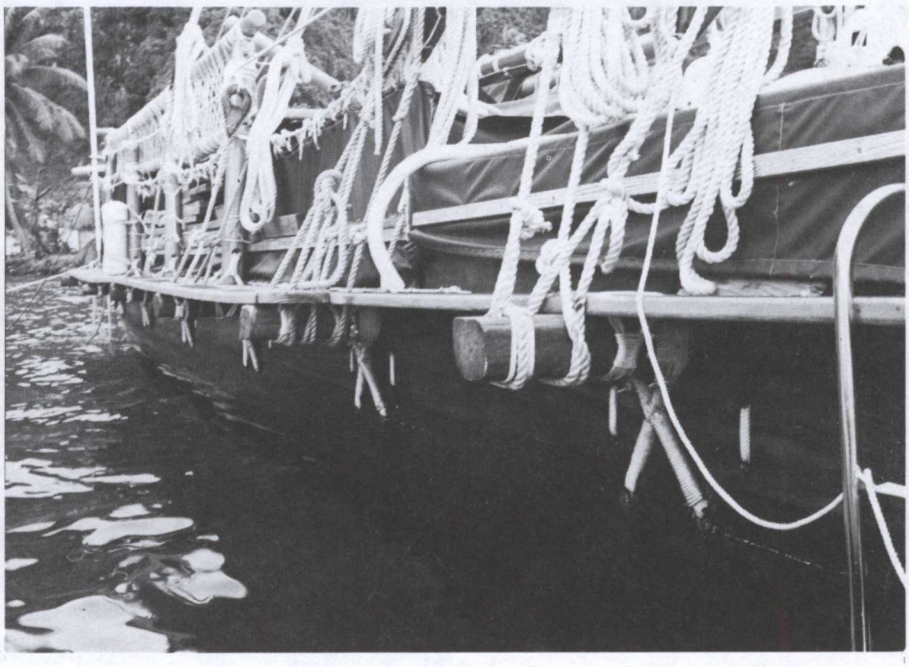
Above all, without the incentive of the Double Canoe Gathering, we would never have sailed into the Pacific. We really haven't got either the time or the money to do this just for the pure enjoyment of island-hopping wherever takes our fancy, though I hope that on the 'return' voyage, we can do this, and take our time exploring other islands in the Pacific before heading West.

16.4.95 - Rarotonga, Cook Islands

We landed here a few days ago, after a rather stormy six day voyage from Tahiti. After the first two days of very light winds, it became very squally, and then a steady force 6-7 (gusting 8) wind blew with torrential rains so that, at times, we were sailing under bare poles. We did not see how we could ever get into Rarotonga, which is open to the north, with such strong northerly winds, and neither of the engines working. However, the sea gods were kind to us and obviously wanted us to succeed, for when Rarotonga was in sight, the wind decreased and the heavy seas, which we had had for days, calmed down, and we were able to sail into Rarotonga unaided.

I liked the Cook Isles from the start. We are now having a rest and, for the first time, enjoying a Polynesian island. Soon we will have to prepare for the trip to New Zealand. One of our crew from there has already arrived and tells us that there are many people in New Zealand looking forward to our visit. Among them is Wade Doak, who is planning to do some filming with "Spirit of Gaia" amongst the dolphins.

In magazine 29 we have the concluding part of Ruth's diary and a contribution from Jamie Wharram.



Single Handed Sailing

Derek Pembleton

I have been using a second hand Hitia 17 for three months and there were several points about which I have found no guidance in the literature.

Launching.

The boat came on a trailer with four pull out arms which allow the boat to be assembled full width ready for launching. This is fine but is too heavy and cumbersome for everyday use from a yacht club compound. I have made wooden trolleys which can be placed under the hulls one at a time in about two feet of water. A simple hoist or lever would allow me to do this on my own even if the boat had dried out. Each has a pair of launching trolley wheels to go near the point of balance of the boat and a smaller one which goes below the keel about two feet nearer the bow. When I am pushing the boat along on the flat, which I can do on my own, I can steer by lightly lifting the bows. If a car is used to pull her up the slipway the single wheels will skid round to follow it. Two people can pull her up the slip whereas five people were needed with the road trailer. On my own I can use an anchor point and a line through a block on the front beam or just push each hull up a bit in turn and put a brick behind the wheels. The trolley will also allow me to wheel the hulls through my side gate and into my workshop for maintenance.

Going about.

No problem with a crew - just the standard luffing up with the jib still cleated to push her round and reversing the helm if she starts to go astern. On the first sail I let go of the tiller at that point and the rudders went to 90° and the tiller bar came off. Adjustable cords to limit the movement of each tiller and lacing hooks to stop the shock chord loops from the tillers pulling off the bar cured that. The fun really started with my first sail on my own in a strong wind. Three heaps of white sheet were confusing. I cured this by leading each jib sheet forward from its block near the end of the after beam, to a turning block on the outer edge of the deck amidships between the hatches. From there it comes across the boat past an open topped cam cleat so that I can cleat of uncleat from either side of the boat. I now use a continuous jib sheet which runs across the trampoline, clear ahead of the mainsheet, with only enough slack to allow the jib to be poled out on a run. I had tried the standard system of two blocks at the clew of the sail, giving each sheet a two to one advantage, but found the blocks too dangerous when the sail was flogging. One of the blocks even swallowed the tail end of the brail. Now I can go about and, when on the new tack, release the sheet and almost instantly get it in on the new side. If it is not tight enough I can ease the pull on it with a controlled luff once we are going properly.

Single handed sailing.

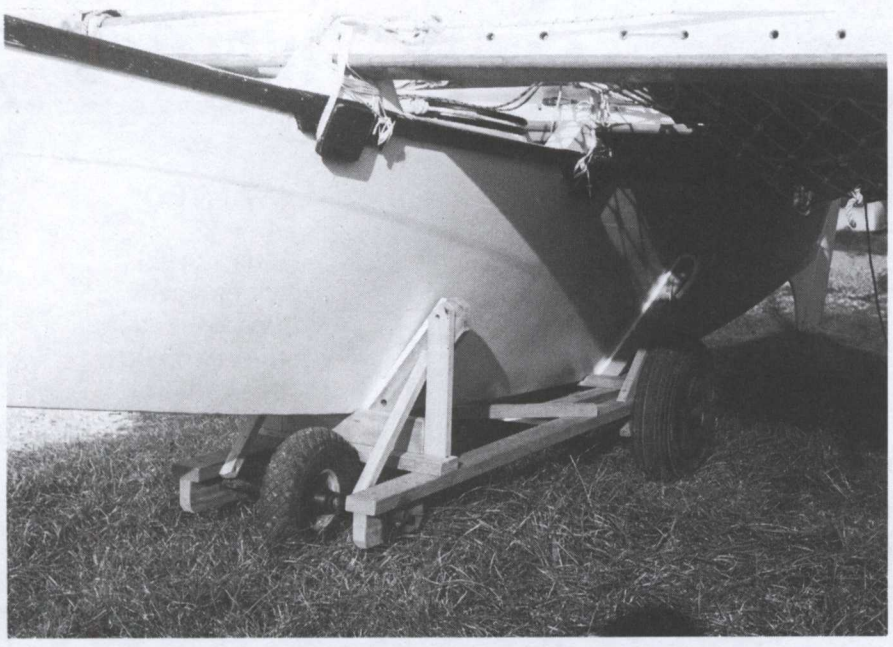
The moment I move the jib over on the new tack the boat luffs up again and threatens to stop. I had removed the tiller extension and substituted a yoke of line fixed at each end of the tiller bar with enough slack to allow me to steer from wherever I want to sit or lie. This I can pop into one of a pair of cheap cam cleats on the after beam. A mark on this line shows where to cleat it so that it will check the rudder bar at the right place as it swings back while I am cleating the jib.

I get the luff of the jib tight by having an external halyard which comes down close to the mast to a block on an eyebolt then along the beam to the cleat on the end. I thus hoist or lower the sail from a position well clear of any flogging. The halyard is part wire which ends in a soft eye about half a metre above the beam. A kicking strap purchase is shackled to the same eyebolt and its other end hooks onto the soft eye and gives as much power to straighten the luff as is good for the boat.

During my first sail on my own in a force five while coping with the jib sheets cleated in remote places, I found myself going astern very fast with the jib backed to starboard and the tillers to port and the boat refusing to come round onto the starboard tack. With the tillers to starboard she came back easily onto the original port tack and I jibbed around. It seems that a backed jib works one way when you are going ahead or stopped but the opposite way when you are going hard astern. That has the making of a good party trick.

Sail rig.

I found the curve in the sprit, built according to the plans, prevented me from getting enough push on the peak of the sail and the bow in the sprit just hung downwards instead of sideways. I ran it through a bandsaw and put in a packing strip down the middle and glued it back up clamped to a ladder.



The third photograph is of the deck section, showing the solid forward deck between the hulls. The decking overall is trampoline style. NB The standard Hitia 17 deck is hinged sections of ply, interlocked with the mast and aft beams. Also please note the upstands around the edge of the deck area, on the outside of the hulls.

The sprit, now straight and stiffer, seems to give no advantage or otherwise on either tack but it looks more at home amongst the Thames barges where I sail. I shall glue some seizings on to the lower part of the sprit to give me a better grip as I push the mainsail up as it gets slippery with Maldon mud. Incidentally, I have voted the main halyard as the least essential line in the boat and the first to be borrowed in an emergency.

When the slipway is a lee shore, I am always scrupulous in my Enterprise dinghy to lower the main before approaching. However with the Hitia I can anchor close in, secure the trolleys under the hulls while head to the wind, and then let the sails help her up the slipway and across the compound. Great fun to be eleven feet wide.

I am sure that these problems, and possibly some of my solutions, are all familiar to more experienced owners. This is especially so in areas where there are more of you so how about some replies from you correcting and supplementing what I have said for the benefit of me and other new owners. I didn't build her so all my fresh energies went into tuning her. Others who have exhausted themselves building would surely be grateful for your help.

One more thing about that first sail - I and the boat were covered in mud from launching and wishing I hadn't forgotten the sponge. I needn't have worried. At the first burst of speed we were washed clean. **What a boat!**

(Ed - Anyone with single-handed sailing tips send them into the office.)

Ditty Bag

WANTED

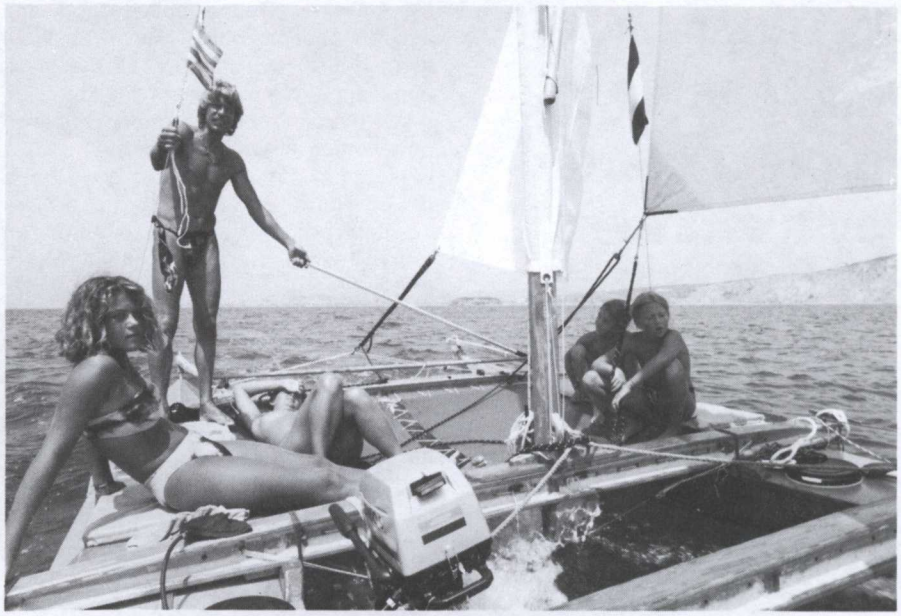
Hitia 17 Hull
Only one needed.
Anything considered.
John Harris on
01542 810213

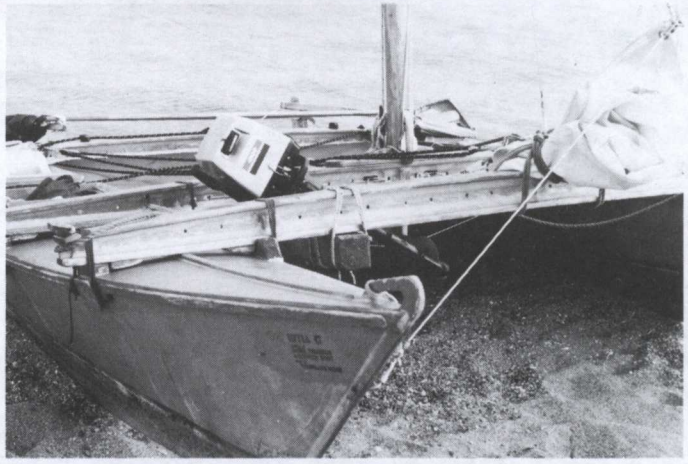
HITIA 17 - ENGINE

Hitia 17 gains a "pusher" engine mount.

Meinhard Koch - Austria

In the March 1995 edition of Sea People, I found an article by Udo and El gin Tegethoff (by the way the name of a famous Austrian Admiral of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in the last century) about their Hitia 17. He asks about some ideas how to fix an outboard engine. I have one and I don't want to keep it as a secret. It's so simple and quick to make. All you need is a 10 by 10 cm piece of wood, long enough to reach from first crossbeam to the centre crossbeam plus some extra to overlap the beams (2 times 5cm). 100 cm is be about right, but measure your Hitia before cutting any wood. In the middle of the length I made it thin enough to fit the engine's support (see sketch and Photo). In good Polynesian and/or Wharram way I lashed this motor carrier parallel to the hulls a little to one side of the centre line of the catamaran. One can use an outboard with normal shaft length (15") but it must be able to turn (steer) the Engine at least 90 degrees each side. In my case it was a Slovenian TOMOS 4.8 air-cooled 80 cm outboard produced in Koper, which is light (18 kgs), economic and simple. I still use it now, after selling my Hitia, on the tender to PAPALAGI, my Tiki 26. It also pulled the Tiki 26 up to 6 knots trough the Ionian sea.

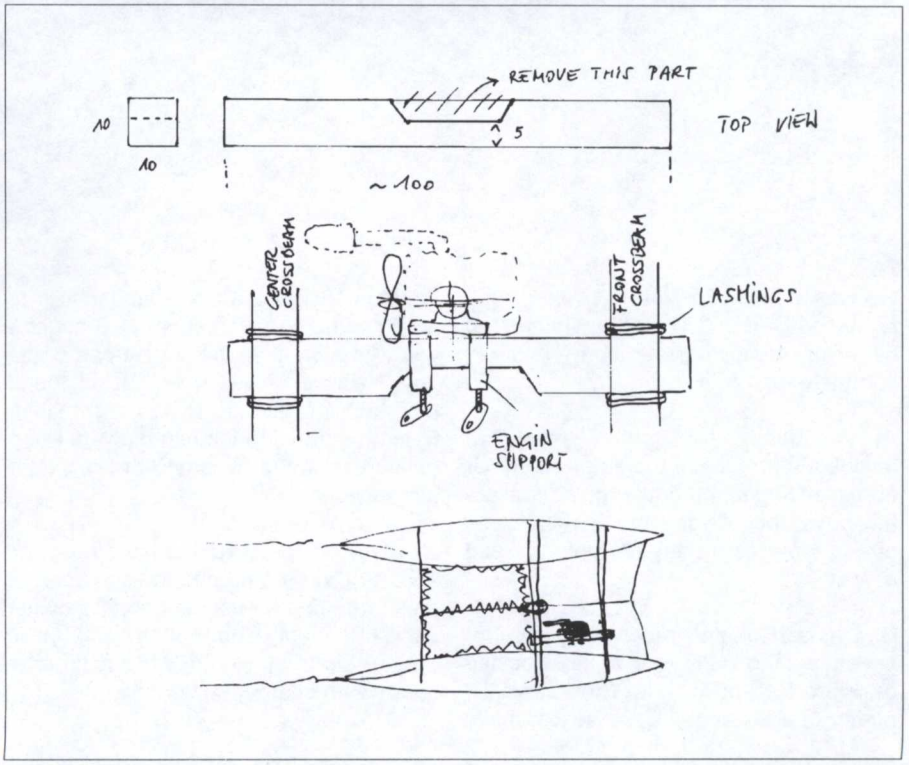




Picture Top
My friend Robert and his wife Susi (recumbent) with 2 of their daughters Kathi far left and Julia, second from right, and my daughter Cosmic making their way with engine and sails along the southern tip of the Peloponisos/ Greece. I am hidden behind the camera (used very short focal length-20 mm).

Picture Centre
Detail of the carrier and the lashing, notice that the engine bracket is mounted fore & aft and the engine turned 90 degrees to point in the correct direction.

Diagram
Mounting and beam details.



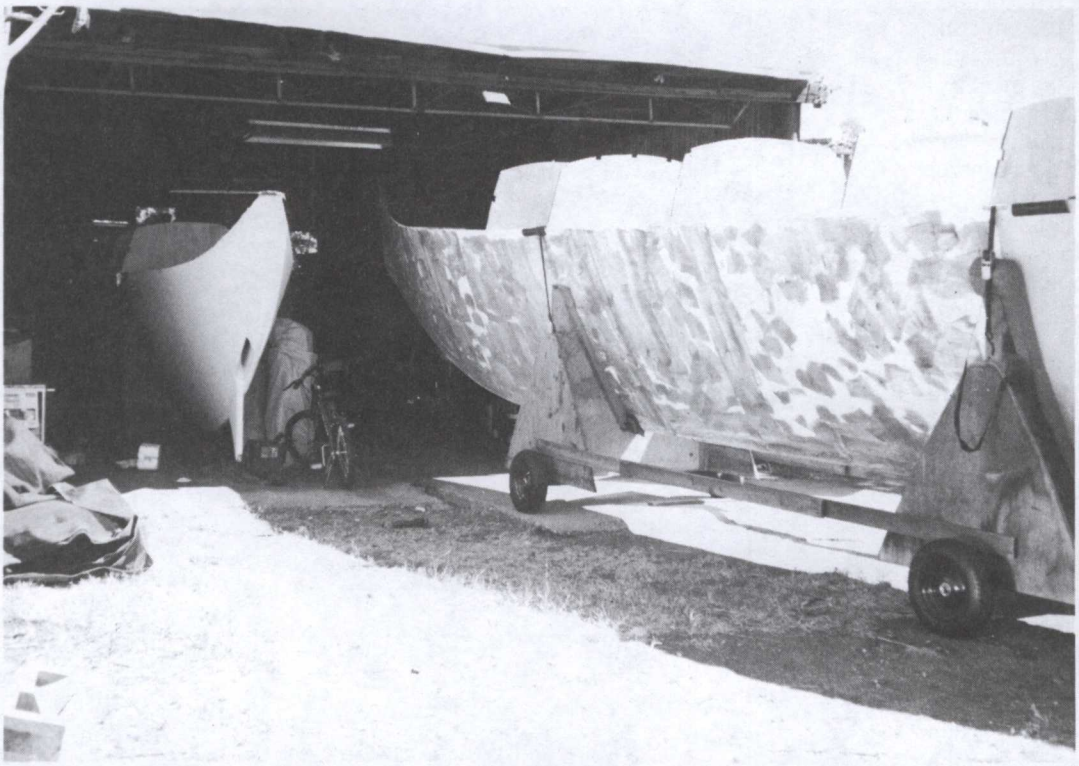
PAHI 31 BUILD

Clarke Bishop takes over the project started by his father.

From Queensland, Australia

I have been reading my father's magazines (Sea People) and noticed Dad's name had been mentioned in (No 25) a letter from Colin Flynn who was corresponding with Dad.

Sadly, Bill (William J Bishop) died suddenly on the 1st of June 1995 while at work. A heart attack.



He was building a Pahi 31, No 189. I promised Dad that should anything stop him from finishing the boat, I would complete it and I am.

As mentioned by Colin Flynn, Dad finished both hulls to the stage ready for fibre glassing in 4 months, give or take a few days, then it sat with very little done due to work commitments until the end of May.

Dad asked for and received quotes for sheathing the hulls. He finally decided on Fibre Fab of Mt Isa. They stayed 3 nights and 2 days in order to complete the job and Dad supplied food and accommodation whilst Fibre Fab were there. Fibre Fab supplied all the glass and resin with a total cost I don't have off hand, but one must remember Dad lived and worked at Camp Ridgeway, a CRA Exploration mining camp, a good day's drive North towards the Northern Territory border, approximately 800 km from Mt Isa and a third of this is gravel and dirt roads.

Dad met Fibre Fab at Hells Gate Roadhouse to guide them into camp through a dirt track just over an hour's drive from the roadhouse. Building the hulls in 4 months shows how determined and dedicated he was considering the isolation, humidity and temperatures in the high 30 to low 40's Celsius everyday. Work was carried out under a tin roof with shade cloth around the open sides to catch any breeze and keep the flies to a minimum. dad worked + or - 8 hours a day with a break in the hottest part of the day. He was 67 years young but found that he was allergic to the resin dust. Even the fumes made him blow up like a balloon so that it became impossible for him to work.

He decided to retire (again), truck the hulls to Cairns, and employ someone to finish the jobs he couldn't do.The owner of Hells Gate Roadhouse, Bill Olive offered his truck to move the hulls as a favour - no charge, just good mates.

My father's boat will be finished by his next generation, namely me. His craftsmanship and love for boats is passed on, as it should be.

My brother Brett is also considering building a Tiki 38, perhaps our sons will one day also build their own boats.

As you can see, I have built a shed 30' x 15' with double doors opening fully, but now do not close fully, due to the hulls being 31' long. It's also a bit cramped for working in so I wheel one hull out at a time to work on it. the hulls were moved to my house by Bill Olive. At camp 8 blokes bodily lifted one hull at a time out of the shed. Then it was hoisted up onto the truck by the gantry of a mobile drilling rig. *(Now that is what I call having the right gear for the job- Ed.)*

The boat was off loaded by crane into my driveway at the front of the house. Now it was up to me to get it into the shed. After some thought and a day of clearing the shed, I remembered in a past issue of Sea People a fellow builder moved his hull around on axles. Now the brain is ticking, considering the weight and lack of finances, I came up with this idea, probably not original but anyway.....

Four wheel barrow wheels on short stub axles. I had to buy the wheels but scrounged the axles and scrap steel. Fastened them to the wooden cradle, braced the cradle or thought it could do with a bit more stiffening ..... there you go.

One person could push it in and out of the shed to work on it. There is one draw back; I only have one set of wheels and axles, so one just makes do and swap them over to the other cradle.

TIKI 26 ~ "EAN"

Family sailing in Ireland

André Gietl Reports. This is an introduction to a Cat Corner Series

After having spent 2 years in rubber gloves and green overalls, I re-emerged from my workshops in the summer of 1991 to launch my TIKI 26 "Ean". Since then I have enjoyed the short summers exploring the south western coast of Ireland.

Now wrapped up in heavy oilskins, wellies (rubber boots) and balaclavas, I endured the "soft" climate that is predominantly Ireland. I suppose that is also one reason why Ireland has not, so far, been completly overrun by hordes of tourists like every other country in the world. Even the sea going variety, if they venture here at all, are kind enough to concentrate in the few harbours around the coast that offer yachting facilities. Consequently I have never seen more than 3 or 4 yachts at the same time while sailing off the south or west coast.

The more accounts I read from other members who sail in the UK or Europe, the more I am convinced that I am being spoiled in this part of the world as regards freedom, unspoiled nature and spectacular natural harbours that have so far remained completely untouched by greedy developers and yachting facilities. In fact, the only Marina I have ever got to know personally is now in California with her American boyfriend.

By freedom, I mean freedom to decide where and how I place my permanent mooring, where I can drop anchor or which beach I can crash up to. I must admit though, that I generally avoid those harbours which offer yachting facilities and designated anchorages, making use of my shallow draft wherever possible to run her aground. Actually the only harbours with floating marinas along the south western corner of Ireland are Crosshaven in Cork and Dingle on the West Coast. For anyone intending to sail the south west coast of Ireland, I strongly recommend purchasing the **'Sailing Directions for the South and West Coasts of Ireland'**, published by the Irish Cruising Club. It gives detailed descriptions and maps of virtually every harbour and inlet on this stretch of the coastline. So detailed, in fact, that the **Admiralty Charts No 2424 and 2254** are quite sufficient and cover the coast from Cork harbour on the south coast to the Shannon estuary on the west coast (although the Imray chart for the south coast is preferable to No 2424, showing enlarged details of a number of harbours).

Sheltered harbours are conveniently spaced along this coast with rarely more than 10 miles distance from one to the next. To make the most of the prevailing westerly winds, it might be a good idea to take advantage of the easterlies that offer themselves to get as far West as possible and then enjoy the many harbours on your way back to the east. At the same time though, I have seen more or less continuous easterly wind for 2 or 3 weeks at a time during summer, when we were lucky enough to be under the influence of a high pressure system.

Of course, the last time this was the case, with the hot summer weather, was when I built the boat - sweating day and night in my tin roof oven of a dusty workshop, making use of those 'great days for epoxying' and taking it all for granted. Well, those were the last summers that Ireland has had! (1989 and 1990).

Ed. The Cat Corner Series starts on page 24 of this magazine.

PAHI 42 BUILD

Sérénité

John and Sheila Clarke tell how they built their 'dream'.

This story rises out of the 1987 housing market slump. We had sold our home in Devon & whilst living in my wife's 'company' house we had for the first time enjoyed the comparative luxury of not having to rush into buying another home. So, we deliberated, selected a property, and on making a bid, discovered the 'Gazump'. Not once but 5 times! After each event getting more desperate of ever getting established in this upward spiral. Which, at the approach of my 60th. birthday, was becoming a near nightmare. Eventually we bought a cottage in dire need of refurbishment. So armed with a large mortgage we spent the balance of the capital on repairs. Then the collapse in the market hit us. The ensuring rise in mortgage rates nearly crippled us and in absolute desperation we sold out with no debt and just £5000 capital left in hand. So what next?

5 years working life left and the need for somewhere to live. The immediate solution was a rented property, fine. Next, what about the long term? This seemed to settle into a choice:- A) buy a ruin in France, where property is cheaper. B) buy a large caravan and car C) mobile home D) live on a boat. Choice A) yes, could get something, but the work involved is fairly heavy and we may not have the health or desire at 65 to undertake this. In the meantime the cost of visiting, say, 2-3 times a year is quite high and I could not afford to pay professional restorers. So in effect we would be gambling on the situation 5 years ahead. B) This has merit and would be quite acceptable, decided to think about it C) lot of money for what you get and also "static". D) from past experience, albeit only for a month yes, this was worth looking into. So a caravan still leaves me with 5 years working life without a "gainful" interest which we could eventually capitalise on. Whereas a boat could use the next 5 years to build and then enjoy the fruits of my labour.

So, boat it was going to be. Easy to say and often ruefully remembered.

To buy or to build?

We took a long hard look at the second hand market. But for reasons as above we decided to build.

So what sort to build? Having built and sailed two previous yachts, ply and ferrocement respectfully. I decided steel had a lot to offer; lightweight and relatively maintenance free. I had bought a design for a 35ft. cutter 2-3 years earlier, before our housing problem. But now we intended to live aboard, space was of prime importance. Then I saw the February 1992 P.B.O. (Practical Boat Owner) feature on the TIKI 36. The last time I had thought of a multihull was back in 1968-9 when we first went to Australia and I had had a very kind correspondence with James Wharram about a Tangaroa. However at that time I took it no further. This time things were different. I was in Cornwall on business and called in to see the Wharrams. Surprise, surprise; two very large 63ft. cat. hulls sitting outside. The finish was superb. I saw Ruth and said "didn't think you built large fibreglass boats". The reply was of course "oh no, it's epoxy wood". Open mouthed I went into the shed and met Andy Smith who elaborated further with the result that I went away with a catalogue of plans and deep in thought. It looked as if a 42 ft. Captain Cook would be most adequate to meet our requirements completely. However, I had talked to the family and in particular my dear wife, who God bless her, has supported my past deviations from normal behaviour. Without her support nothing is possible!

So a second visit was made with Sheila this time (my wife), to make a decision. The Tiki 36 appealed to Sheila, she thought it fabulous. But appreciated the 42ft Pahi had more space. James also pointed out, unless I had the hulls built for me, the Tiki really was not a home build project. So Pahi 42 it would have to be. Four weeks later I went down and collected the drawings.

So much for the decisions, now the details. First, somewhere to build. My landlord was sympathetic and I obtained permission to erect a polytunnel on a spare piece of adjoining land. On another business trip I saw a 48ft X 18ft polytunnel frame on a farm and the owner accepted an offer. I already had some cable and fluorescent lamps and most important of all, most of the tools for the job. Including a

7 * 250 watt infra-red lamps, arranged in parallel banks for 8' by 4' ply.

combination saw, planer and spindle moulder.

I sought prices of ply and Douglas fir from any yard I passed in the course of my business trips. By far the best price and quality was that of Lathams. So I bought all the ply and half of the Douglas fir for the job - 2½ tons in all - and it arrived on Monday 15th June 1992. Two weeks holiday saw it all stored inside and a start made on the layout of the two keel/building jigs.

noise and no useful work done by the sander on the wood.

For the 8' X 4' sheets of ply, and the cut out pieces, again some form of clamping device was required to improve sanding efficiency. The solution was a few sheets of ply stacked on top of 4X44 gallon drums to get a solid base at a handy height and then a rubber backed carpet spread over the top, rubber side uppermost. This held a sheet of ply perfectly. I used a vacuum cleaner to keep the dust down and after a severe bout of asthma, a Pulsafe full face filter helmet took care of the dust problem. Make sure a set of overalls are used. In my case I used disposable ones, and have them washed regularly. I found that the disposable ones washed OK.

Electric blankets curing epoxy on 8'x4' sheet, old sleeping bags keep the low heat in.

So now for some reflections on the building process. I bought the Douglas fir as 8"x2" planks 2Oft long. I found I could plane them down to 44mm thick and then rip them down into l9mm thick planks for the 2"x1" stringers and framing. Similarly for the 3"X1" and 2"x1½" etc. I think I probably saved at least 15% on cost by doing this, and also, most important, I had control over the quality and wastage. However, the finish off the saw blade was OK but not ideal and a light sanding with the belt sander was needed to get the optimum finish for the epoxy. So early on I found the sanding problem! 2Oft. lengths of 2"X1" and 3"X1" needed securely holding down to sand effectively. The solution was a 20 ft length of 8"X2" on oil drums. To the timber was fixed a fence of ply 1"X 9mm fastened securely all the way along. Then 24 cams, made from 9mm ply also, evenly fixed along the length of timber. By using spacers of 2"X¾" and 1"x¾", all sides of the framings and stringers could be securely held for sanding. It is very important to hold the wood steady when using the orbital sander, a process required between 2 coats of epoxy, otherwise you get a lot of

Fibreglassing

I used Connextion Technology epoxy from Rea Chemie - Marseille, France. No problems and very easy to use. On the advice of Connextion I used 330g single layer of twill weave on the outside, and most important, to get a good finish, peel ply. This is 4oz/yd² nylon cloth which doesn't bond particularly well to epoxy, but levels the surface of the cloth/epoxy. When cured the peel ply is just peeled off and the resulting surface is as smooth as a pair of nylon stockings! Any slight imperfections can be filled and then the whole lot rubbed down lightly before painting. In my case, 3 coats of light coal tar epoxy. After the last coat a further rubbing down to remove all roller marks, this time with the rectangular orbital sander. Then the final gloss coats of 2 pot polyurethane, Hempels.

Epoxy Curing

Winter temperatures regularly fall to single figures Celsius and some times below zero. Work cannot stop, so some means of heating locally has to be found. Anything which burns fuel must be flued to atmosphere to avoid condensation. Also it is only necessary to heat up the actual area coated with epoxy. So, I bought some 250 watt infra red lights and mounted them on two battens. I found 7 in all split 4 and 3, gave coverage for 2Oft. of battens. For 8'X4' sheets of ply the two runs of lights could be arranged side by side to give adequate cover. I would use 8 bulbs if I was doing this again. So much for the drying phase, but the epoxy has to cure before you can sand it prior to second coating etc. Using the infra red lamps for a further 8 hours or so is very expensive in power charges! At first I bought the panels inside the house and placed them up against a radiator, so for quite a few hours each day they were kept warm enough to cure. But, whilst curing some ammonia type fumes were given off, not enough to be noticeable, but enough to discolour the paintwork in the house! What's more several days were needed to complete the cure. So, I tried using a domestic electric blanket and this worked fine. Eventually I used three to cover an 8'X4' sheet of ply and placed a sheet of polythene between the ply and the blankets. A word of warning, these blankets are not intended for this semi industrial use and care must be taken, use an R.C.D. to protect the electric circuits as well as correct fuses. Finally to make the blankets effective, I covered the blankets with some old sleeping bags to reduce heat loss from what is after all only some 75 watt heating elements.

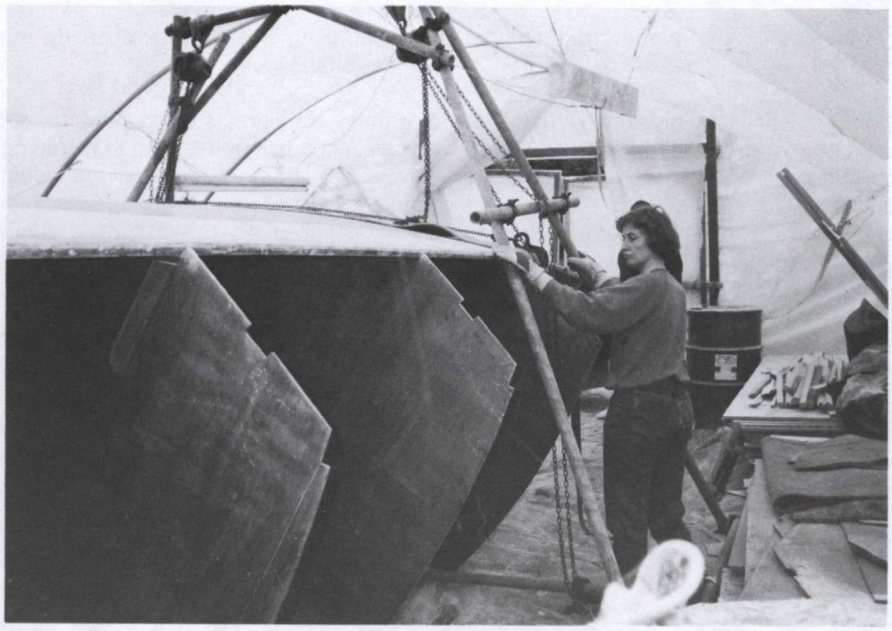
Sanding

For all epoxy parts a random orbital sander by Bosch, with Sia velcro backed discs, 60 /80 grit. For the hull final finish before the gloss, I used the Elu rectangular pad sander, also with Siafast pads.

Fastenings

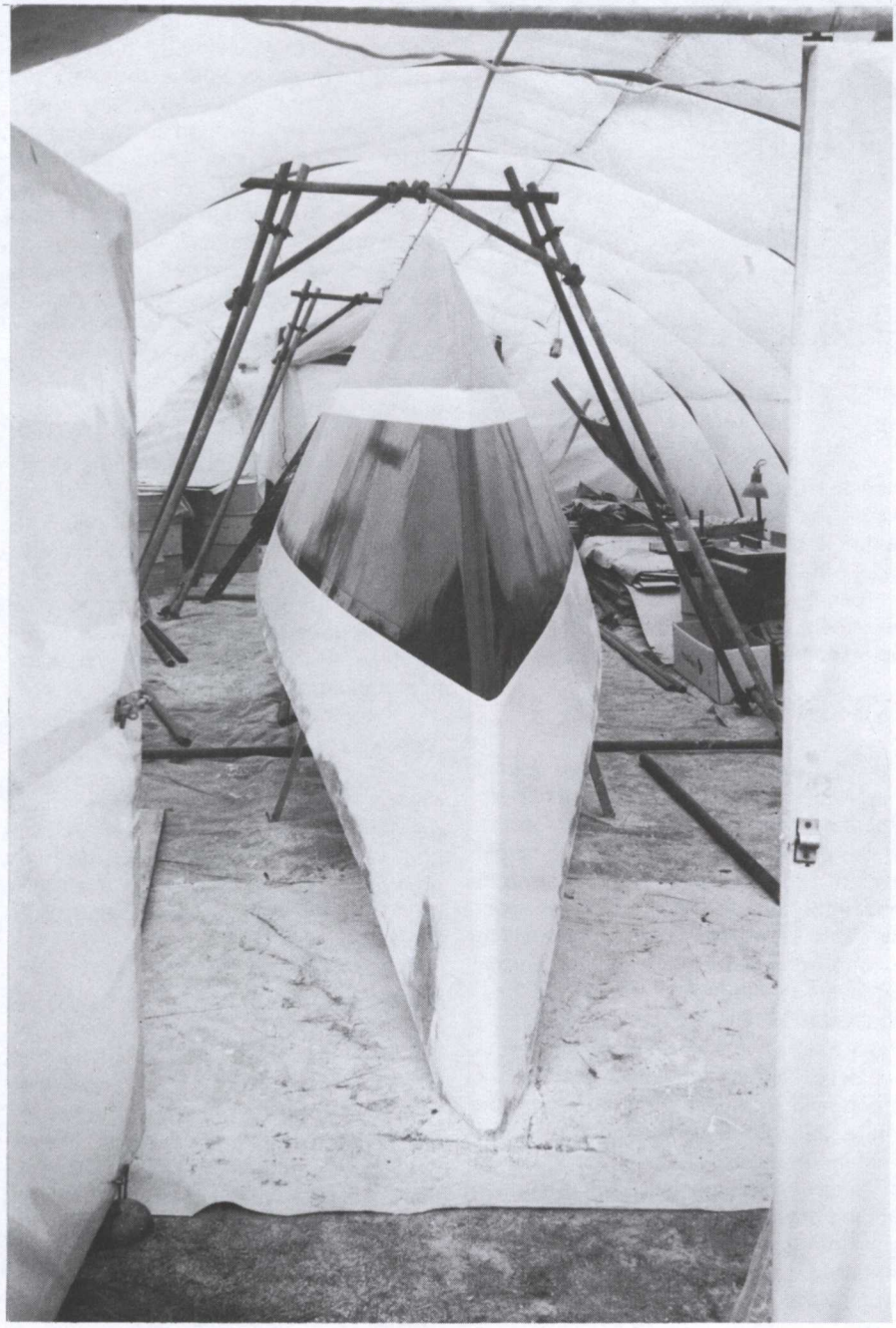
If I were going to start again I think I would have opted to buy an air compressor and a pneumatic tacker to fire collated ring barbed nails. These nails are available in all sizes and materials and would have been easier to use than the method I choose. Also, the compressed air availability would have prompted me to buy an air driven random orbital sander, instead of the

240V one. However, in the end I bought a variable speed reversing electric drill (240V) and used Pozidrive screws - zinc plated, for the majority of fixings. Although, towards the end of the first hull I discovered that screws could be driven with a washer and withdrawn once the epoxy had set. This saved a lot of broken planer blades!



TURNING THE HULL OVER

Much thought and sketching took place to achieve this. Eventually it was carried out completely stress free! Two gantries were erected from scaffold tube - they just fitted inside the polytunnel, now known as the IGLOO, and 4 chain blocks were hung from the scaffold cross tubes. All of this was hired for the job. One chain went right round the hull and clipped its' hook under the gunwale

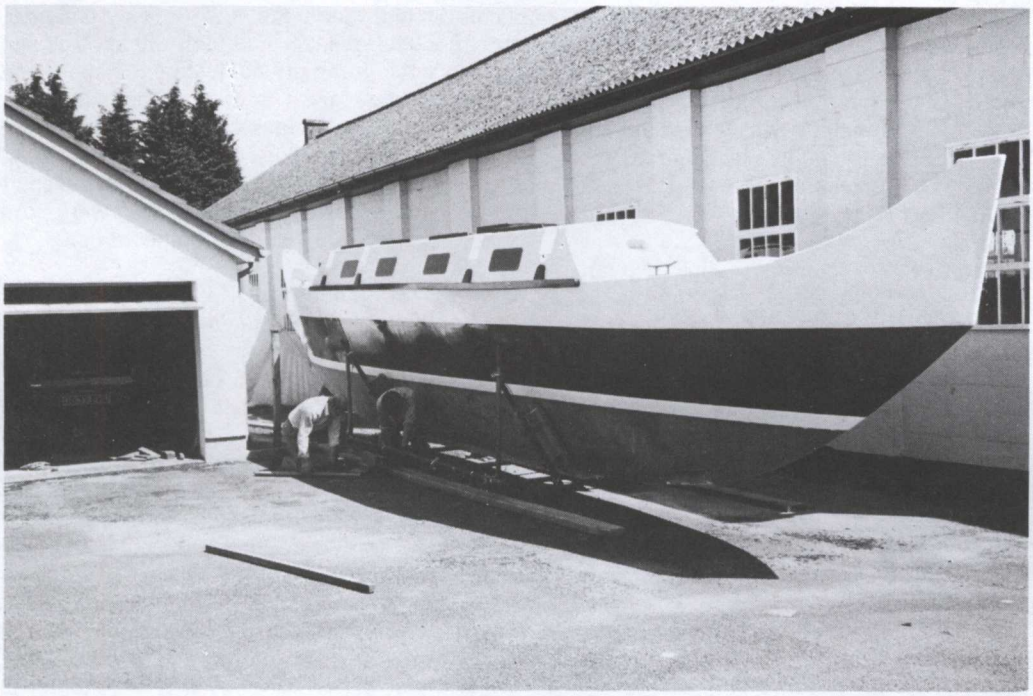


I used a spare large hook to go over 3"X1" and 9mm ply). One short chain went straight down to the gunwale. By taking the strain on all 4 in turn, the weight came off the supports, and they could be removed and set aside for hull number two. It was a simple matter then to let one chain out and take up another to roll the hull right way up and settle onto a scaffold base with 4 sloping supports to conform to the hull shape. Prior to all this, fibreglassing and painting had been completed on the hull.

FIT OUT

Very straightforward, the only difficult part was the fillets between the bulkheads and the planking. Using peel ply I obtained a fair finish ready for painting or epoxy. I decided to sand the second coat of epoxy on all wood surfaces so that either they would take a third coat on all surfaces below the floorboards, or, painting or varnishing above the floorboard. The decision to clear coat the bilges is really just for peace of mind. The wood is visible if anything untoward happens. The only departure from specification at this stage was to incorporate built in water tanks between bulkheads 4,5&6 in the bilge areas. In this area I coated everything in sight with Rea Chemie food grade epoxy, which is very thick, white in colour, viscous and almost impossible to put on smoothly. But it is the right material for the job. By the time the internal fit out was complete it was June 1993 and I optimistically looked at Oct/Nov '93 to have the lid on the cabin and deck. Not so. The deck beam troughs are very time consuming and needed some pretty hard thinking to unravel the design intent. Things progressed slowly but surely up to the

beginning of 1994. Then problems at work! I had been working in the building and construction industry for the last 15 years. Difficult times were upon us commercially and a huge personality clash happened at work. So my future was in doubt. Should we stop and cut our losses, or continue and accept the problems of funding the interest charges on the loan we had taken out against the security of an endowment policy that matured when I am 65. Decisions!



In retrospect I over reacted and decided to sell up. However as time took over, things didn't look so bad, then, to help things along, a friend of my wife's made a most generous offer of a loan at nominal interest sufficient to complete the structural work on the vessel. So, it looked as if there was no barrier to completion. Then I lost my job! But all was not lost. Positive thinking dictated that I now had the time to do the work, full time in fact!!

But, we would have to subsidise the rent out of the boat account for a year or so, but that was acceptable. So on May 2nd 1994 the starboard hull was rolled out of the igloo to the front of the house and work could start on the port hull. So far, 1800 hours had gone into the first hull it would be interesting to see how long the port hull took. Working full time undoubtedly saved time, although experience helped, some 25-30% saving in man hours could be achieved. This saving mostly arose from getting a continuous run at the job, which settled down to an average 30 hours per week. In the hot months around June, I started at 6 AM to avoid the heat build up, which was a bit of a problem in the igloo, even though I had an opaque cover. All the same it is surprising how much harder you work when sufficiently motivated! Also, and very important, for every 8 hours you spend "hands on", almost an hour needs to be spent just thinking about how you are going to do the job. I found this essential to avoid wasting time on duplicate working or getting out of sequence. I found a job card system and index card holder of great help in getting things in the right order, particularly when I was only working part time.

Variations in design

On the basis that I had spent good money for a set of very good drawings, I was not going to depart very much from the "as drawn" design. However, I did read an article in the American magazine Multihulls Monthly, about the use of wing masts on multihulls. Having some misgivings about the windsurfer like wishbone mainsail of the design, I investigated this a lot further. The wing mast was reputed to increase drive, a smaller sail wardrobe and simplified sail handling. Against this is the unknown, never actually having been used on a Captain Cook. Nonetheless I contacted Gougeon Bros. in the U S A and they customised a layout for a Stressform wing mast to suit A most interesting project and I will write it up separately. No modifications to the hulls were required to accommodate the wing mast so I put the design to one side and commenced work on the second hull.

Portlights

The "as designed" portlights in the hull appeared to me to be too high up the cabin side, they would look better a little lower down. However problems! There was a 3"X1" stringer right along the mid line. I sketched out various ways of craftily getting round the problem without compromising the structural integrity. In the end my dear wife had the answer. Just run two 2"X1" stringers 150mm apart, one on top, one below to give the strength required and to give a clear space for the portlight. The 3"X1" in way of the beam boxes could be left as is. Brilliant! this again shows that a fresh mind on the job, uncluttered by convention is essential to progress!

Scarfing panels

Having read the Gougeon Bros book on boatbuilding and seeing that I had to machine scarf the plywood panels for the wing mast, I bought the scarfing attachment from Wessex. In the past I have had mostly unsatisfactory performance from attachments. Neither the power tool nor the attachment being ideal for the particular work. In this case the parts were well made and the instructions are fairly comprehensive. However, first attempts showed some misalignment, probably in the basic calibration of the angle protractor on the circular saw. The circular saw is, of course, the basis of the machine scarfer. A few trials sorted the problem and very good and quick scarfs can be made in 9mm and 12mm ply. This saved a lot of wastage when making cabin roofs and decks etc. It also gives a superior look to the finished article.

Paint scheme

As a family, we all had various ideas about the colour the boat should be painted. To get some idea of the finished result, we had some enlarged photocopies made of the various views shown in the plan catalogue and my dear wife carefully used water-colours to colour in the hulls etc. This subsequently worked very well. The scheme we chose from the water-colour sketches, turned out on the finished hulls to be even better than expected. This brings me up to date.

You may wonder how I have time to write this article. Well, I suffered a very mild stroke. After a week in the local hospital, I have been banned from the igloo for two months at the least. Hence, I thought this was a good time to write this account.

Sailing "The Shed"

Patrick Dowman

That's what Dave Hender *(Ed. Big Tiddles - mags 24&26)* called it. And very upset I was too. I sailed Meira, my Tiki 26, throughout the summer and got very wet, so I built a shed as per photographs. It doesn't look beautiful, but I stayed dry!

That year we sailed to Cork, from Plymouth in 48 hours and from Cork to a beach close to Rade de Brest. Journey time was about 52 hours. The beach is at Plougonvelin and it's a great first port of call. You go through the Chenal du Four, sharp left at Fointe de St Mathieu and sharp left again after a mile or so.

In the Golfe du Morbihan, at the the end of one of the two major estuaries, is a place called Auray and there Meira lay for the winter. Wintering in France is easy and much cheaper than England. In July 95, my wife, son and I caught the Plymouth - Roscoff ferry and arrived at Auray.

The Golfe is interesting but watch out for the spring floods near the entrance. In and around Qulberon bay is a dream come true; warm sun, sheltered water and beautiful islands. Most famous is Belle lie, but more fun is Bouat (pronounced Wat) and Hoedic (Edick). The beaches are enormous and there is always one on which to shelter from the Vent Solaire. After two weeks swimming and drinking and one ten minute real live hurricane Matt (my son) and I set off for Spain. We planned to sail directly from Houat to Santander and then work eastward back to Fuenteterrabia on the French/Spanish border. The Biscay winds blew south westerly. Gradually, Santander become impossible, then San Sabastian. The best heading we could make was Fuenteterrabia. By now we were four days out. The bread was stale, the beer gone and the situation pretty dicey. We altered course and made for Royan at the mouth of the Gironde. The approach was easy, but then the swell was slight. It was easy to see how treacherous the sandbanks could become in anything of a sea.

We entered the Royan. This is millionaire's row. The gin palace next to us had a paid Spanish captain and crew who were kind enough to stick our batteries through their charging system and ply us with the owner's G & T. Royan is Nice with knobs on. In fact, it beats any watering place I have found in the Med. The sea is clean, the beaches spotless and the bars restaurants and night-clubs vibrant from four till four. Eighty francs a night. We'd planned on one night, then back to sea. But our Evinrude had other ideas. For three days we waited for engineers to fix it and wandered around this Marine Disneyworld.

Fuenteterrabia lies on the Spanish/ French border. You enter the river and turn left for Hendaye, and right for Fuentetc. We anchored off a beach on the Spanish side and sailed out of Hendaye, crossed the river and looked for an anchorage on the Spanish side. The town spills down to the river's edge and looks beautiful. A large man stood on a fish quay and, shouting at us, smashed his open palms together. Either he's telling us that when we get ashore he's going to flatten us, or he's helpfully trying to indicate that the tide will leave us dry if we anchor here.

Go to Fuenteterrabia. The locals are friendly and the town is very Spanish, cultured, lively and fairly cheap. You can anchor and dry out just by the shore and nobody gives a damn. The pilot book warns of massive interference from customs, police, navy etc. It suggested we prepare a form listing crew, passport numbers etc. Maybe we were too insignificant. Nobody bothered us.

We planned to head west, but our Evinrude had other ideas. For three days Mario worked on our engine. Jose introduced me to all the local bars, where he seemed to spend most of his day. We were due to pick up a friend Maggie up in Auray.

We set off against a northerly wind - *north.* It was a long beat, but we arrived at the mouth of the Golfe de Morbihan three days later. The wind had died. Unfortunately, the engine also died and we were in a tricky position. Very reluctantly I sent my first and hopefully last Pan Pan. I asked for a tow and described my boat. As I finished my description the wind returned. "Oh," I said, "I can manage to sail in now. Sorry to bother you all!"

The wind was blowing out of the Golfe but I thought that with the aid of the flood, we'd be able to tack in and find somewhere to anchor and sort out the engine. I had read the pilot book, but for some reason had not registered its warning. As we entered the Golfe the wind became irrelevant. We were white water rafting in the fiercest and fastest water I have ever seen. We were totally out of control fending off buoys. At last, I thought we had spun into an eddy. I threw our anchor as far as I could into calmer water hoping we would swing further into the eddy. A big mistake. Welght came on the warp with massive twang. The bow anchor roller sheered off and the bows begun to sink lower and lower under the force of water. I yelled to Matthew that we'd have to lose the anchor or lose everything. We hastily tied a fender on to the taught warp and let the whole lot overboard. Eventually we managed to get a line to a powerboat which towed us out of the current and across the water to Lecmariaque. We found another engineer, but we never found our anchor. As a matter of

interest, I replaced the lost CQR with a Brittany anchor. I've never seen anything so good in sand or mud. I'm going to keep it as a main anchor.

The next two weeks were idyllic. Sun sea, beaches and making French friends Then it was time to go home and, with an enormous high lingering over Britain, the wind blew steadfastly from the north.

At La Palais, we left Maggie, who had cycled alone from southern Spain to Auray and was planning to cycle on up to Roscoff. Matthew and I started the long bash back to England. The wind was sufficiently strong for us to weather the Quiberon peninsular and almost make for Lorient, where we thought to spend the night. However, we got cold and bored and settled for Loc Maria bay on the southern coast of lie de Groix. This little village was unexpectedly engaging, unspoiled, with a nice beach to dry on.

Next morning, a strengthening, cold north wind veered slightly, blasted us past the Iles de Glenan, and led us to speculate on the possibility of rounding Penmarche that evening. We'd hoped to make Benodet but Penmarche would have put Audierne within our grasp. By seven o'clock that evening we were two miles off Penmarche with two reefs in the main It was getting dark and the wind was increasing. Reluctantly, we fled five miles east to Lesconil. It was dark as we motored into the tiny harbour and tied up alongside a trawler. I asked at the local bar where we could to lie overnight and were told that we were fine. Nobody mentioned that the trawler would be moving out at four o'clock the following morning! Still, the crew handed our lines ashore and we managed to snatch a bit more sleep before setting off. The sea was flat calm and we crept carefully through the rocks that surround the Penmarche Point. The tide was falling and we had less than a metre of water beneath us. Local fisherman guided us through to deeper water and we headed north towards Audierne.

Audierne is a popular parking spot for yachts waiting to shoot the Ra-du-Shin. Impatience drove us to head out to sea passing outside the lie-de-Sein and missing the Ra-du-Sin. I'd never do it again. Rocks dribble nearly ten miles west of the island and the journey is slow and frustrating with overfalls throwing up confused mountains of swell. Once the westerly buoy was rounded our problems were over. We headed north east for Pointe de St Mathieu, arriving on our Plougonvelin beach at midnight. The entrance is well lit and we managed to anchor within yards of our favourite spot.

We were ready for the last leg. The Chenal du Four then Plymouth. On a spring flood we bounced up the Chenal at ten knots, tacked East to Roscoff and then, with an obliging north easterly force 5, north to Plymouth and Millbrook.

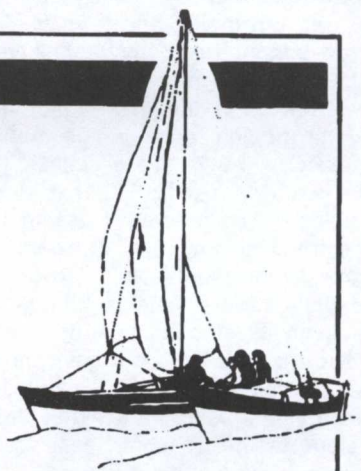
The shed, as I said before, was a big success and I really do think that a lighter weight plastic equivalent would be a valuable addition for those Tiki owners planning to do more than day sailing. We wore wet weather gear on only two occasions in six weeks. Once for prolonged heavy rain and once because of the coldness of a night watch. I rigged a very simple remote steering system which made it possible to steer immediately behind the shelter of our cuddy and also while lying inside it!

Does anybody want to buy an Evinrude 5 two cylinder outboard?

(Ed. Patrick has already reported his experiences sailing the Ushant area in mag 23)

IMAGINE MULTIHULLS

Tiki 21 & 26
in GRP
KIT or SAILAWAY



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TIKI 21 ~ MODIFICATIONS

Two years of sailing prompt modifications.

Roy Proctor updates the his story based on experiences in the UK's Severn Estuary/Bristol Channel.

In Sea People 20 I described the building of my Tiki 21. This article now updates my project by describing some modifications carried out since.

Engine Mounting.

I have spent some time trying to get satisfactory performance and raising ability from the engine mount.

Firstly, I think the vertical transom mount shown on the plans is very poor and the plans should be modified. It should have been sloped to allow the engine to be at the correct angle in the water at least. I use a Mercury sail power 4 long shaft (20"). The first problem was that the engine was not deep enough in the water so at full power in anything but the calmest of water, the prop kept cavitating and the engine revs rise alarmingly. The first mod was to lower the mount as shown in the photo in no 20. This improved, but did not solve the cavitation problem. Also the engine had to be retained in the "up" position with a bunjy cord as the uplock would not engage.

The next mod was to cut out the centre of the transom mount and to reinstall it with the bottom raked forward. It was also lowered even more. The piece cut out was refixed by triangles of half inch ply to the original parts of the mount. (see sketch). The angle at which the cut-out is refixed is critical if the engine's own uplock is to be used. I assembled the centre deck and the aft beam on supports in the workshop to do this. I found that if the engine is rotated 90 degrees on its steering bearings as is raised to the uplock, it will go up a bit further. (This also avoids kinking the fuel feed pipe if using an external tank.) The slope of the transom needs to be determined in conjunction with the engine so that the uplock will just engage as the engine leg touches the underside of the aft beam. As the lock engages, the engine will drop back a bit. After the transom mount is complete, the angle of the engine in the running position is fixed by suitable positioning of the adjustment provided on the engine. In my case, I found that I had made the tilted part of the transom too narrow to use the adjustable handle provided. So I made a new one from a piece of stainless steel rod retained by split pins.

The results are very much better and are just acceptable. In calm water the engine will give me 7 knots. However in rough water speed is still limited by cavitation problems. In a two hour punch back into wind in rough water only 2 or 3 knots could be managed. One hand had to be on the throttle all the time to control rpm. A very wearing business. In rough water when sailing, the prop is inclined to catch the tops of waves and so kicks up spray. The Mercury gives very good push both forward and in reverse. Having F-N-R gears is invaluable when manoeuvring. I am glad I did not rely on a 180 degrees rotation of the engine to provide reverse.

The Bristol Channel, where I sail, can get rough very quickly, there are strong tides and not many "bolt holes". Not to mention mooring and getting back home in time! Thus I would not consider operating without an effective and reliable engine.

What are my conclusions? Tiki drawings should show a more practical engine mount in the first place! I would go for a twin cylinder engine with anti vibration mounts if I could. The noise and vibration from the single cylinder is very wearing if being used for any length of time. On the other hand, an engine with a 25" leg would probably suffer less from cavitation problems and hence be a better bet. The only one I know that might be suitable is the Tohatsu. I originally intended to use a short shaft (15" leg) engine and modify the platform to suit. I am glad I did not. It would have been pretty useless. I am considering making another centre platform unit for my Tiki. This would mount the engine much further forward and , when in the raised position, have the prop just forward of the rear beam right up against the deck..

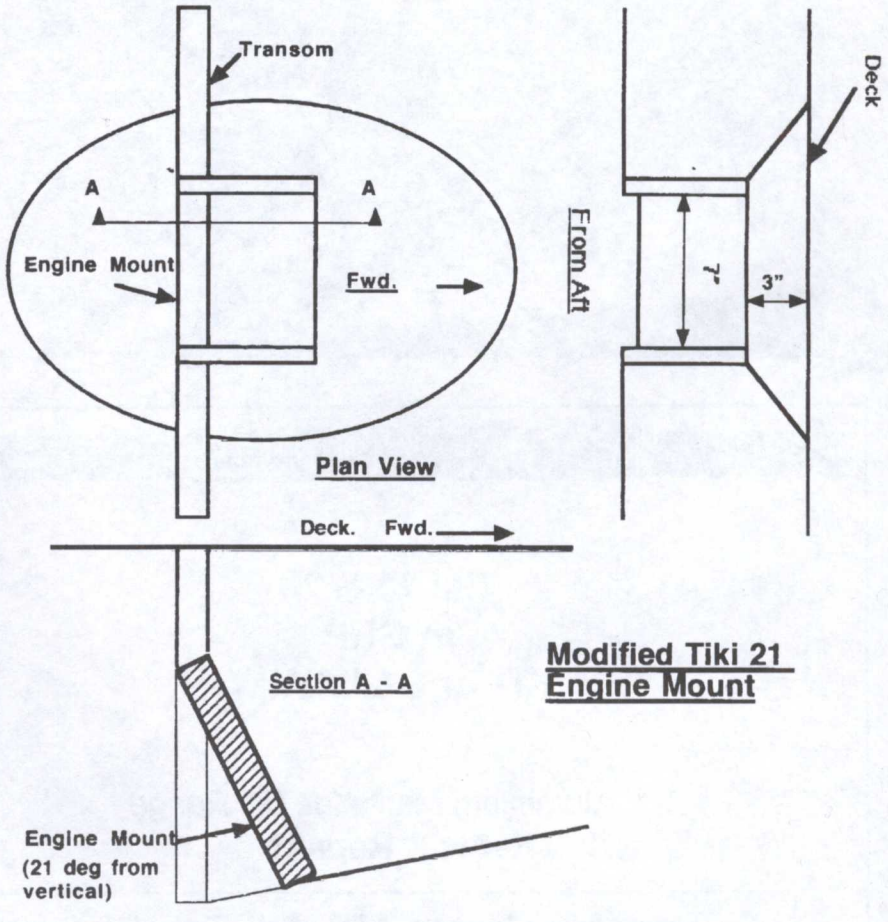
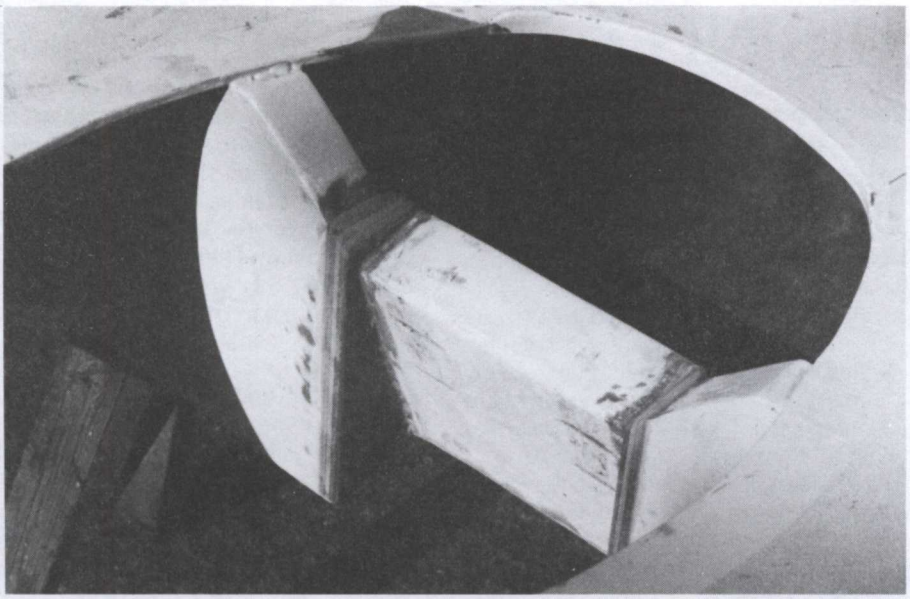
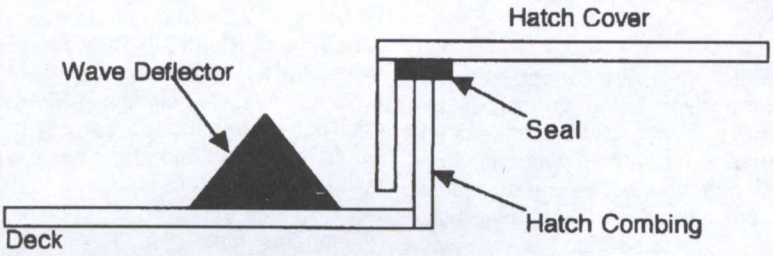


Diagram of the engine mount modifications



The finished engine mount



Diagramic view of wave deflection strips for hatch covers.

This would reduce the spray in rough water when sailing. I would also mount the engine even lower and possibly enclose it in a box above the deck (useful seat?) with throttle and gear controls on the rear of the box to be accessible while at the tiller. The alternative might be a new centre platform, engine forward, but on some sort of a lowering type mount to combine keeping clear of waves when up with adequate depth of prop for reliable propulsion in rough water when down.

Water in Fwd. Stowage

This has been a problem as waves breaking against the forward hulls rush along (or across) the deck, force the hatch open against the (double) bunjies and finish up amongst the ropes, fenders, fuel tank etc. etc. stowed therein. I have now bonded triangular section strips to the deck just in front of, and to the outsides of the foredeck hatches. These act as wave deflectors. Since fitting, the stowage has remained quite dry.

Seating.

I have fitted seats in both hulls by the aft bulkhead. These are very worthwhile. I spend most of my time in the left hull (particularly if I have someone in the right hull) out of the wind. All radio & instrumentation is kept this side along with charts and books etc. Most of the time the tiller pilot will be operating leaving me to occasionally trim the sails, eat and worry about navigation in comfort!

Pahi 42
"Bon Bini"

Being cruised by Dutch members Gys & Anita Paap who have been sending aerial, harbour view postcards from all their ports of call.

Ed. "Bon Bini" is the most highly equipped Pahi 42 we have seen, the cockpit canopy is particularly innovative.

I survived the savage Fraser Triangle.

Mark Hamilll - Canada

In May I took my 35 foot Tangaroa Mk IV catamaran "Whiskers" up the Fraser River to Harrison Lake where I worked for the summer. It started out as a leisurely 2 day cruise with friends Due to the shallow draft and the fad that the river was rising, I decided *to* take a short cut through a side channel. After thoroughly ploughing the bottom up for a bit "Full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes..." I found myself stuck sideways on a sandbar. A 400 hp jet boat called the "Rock Doctor" couldn't budge me. Hmmmmmm, now what? Hmmmm, nothing dangerous or boat threatening I just seem *to* be in the middle of nowhere and have to go to work and this is my house and my friends have *to* leave tomorrow for a world concert tour.

So what happened ? The Rock Doctor drove the Dawes up to the Hot Springs and later as evening fell, two guys showed up in a small boat and were more than happy to take me off. Nobody would take any money for what they did. Every one just said "Pass it on". This is a part of a letter to my friends describing what happened after they left the boat.

After you left, I spent a week and a half commuting by aluminium boat and a 15 hp motor I rented from Rory Cross at Island 22 campground.

In anticipation of floating or pulling myself off, I tied up to the shore and to that stump lodged on another sandbar upstream. Eventually I had over 800 feet of line out. I didn't realise I had so much on board. Some folks say you can never have too much rope, so this is a case in point. Eventually, I removed the shore line and concentrated efforts on trying to swing the bow into the current towards the large stump about 375 feet upstream. Working in the current was very difficult, I'd love to see the video. Some people told me not to bother with all the work, as the river would rise and carry me off. It was late rising and normally I wouldn't have had any trouble. I did "something" anyway. The combinations of line and winches I tried seemed endless. I didn't make a lot of progress but ended up with very callused hands and a rather strong set of shoulder and arm muscles. Finally I began to make some progress with a 2 ton come-along and the sheet winches. I arranged the lines in a V run through those snatch blocks I made. The blocks were attached one to each hull at the bow. Having an eye just above waterline would have made a difference. This would be a good modification. Tightening up the sheet winches allowed me to tighten up the come-along. I alternated back and forth. Eventually the lines were really tight and the boat would hop around in series of roaring gravely lurches whenever the gods decided I needed a good scare. This was alarming at first but it meant I was making Progress. The sound of the gravely rocks rattling away under the hull made it hard to sleep some nights. Salmon hitting the side of the boat as they leapt out of the water woke me up as well.

For awhile, the river dropped. The upstream hull was being "dugout" as the swift water passed under it and the other hull started to lift up as it was raised on a gravel pad created by sand settling after it passed under the upriver hull. The boat began to tilt. For 3 days it was out of the water completely! It was verv hot out as well. The System 3 Copper-poxy bottom seemed to resist abrasion very well except the forward tips of the rudder planes which lost their finish and exposed the cloth.

I thought I was getting somewhere until I realised I was actually also pulling the huge stump down river. About 1 1/2 weeks after grounding, the river began to rise and one day I came back from work and the boat was not in sight.!!i! Eeekl It had come loose and swung to the bridle I was using to pull off with. The lengths on the bridle were uneven so it had swung over to the other channel and was hidden. It was lying at 45 degrees to its stump anchor point. I boarded the boat and cut the line to release it from the anchor after placing some floats on the line so I could retrieve it. About 4 days later the stump was also washed away. Lots of water then!!!!!!!!!!!

My 10 hp motor barely made way against the current and when I got out into the main channel I had to turn around and go to that quiet area with the cows about 5 miles downstream-Dewdney Nature Reserve--a very pretty spot.. Later, I rented the 4Ohp and tried again. As I got to the mouth of the channel I had been stranded in, but this time in the main channel, the motor started to over rev and wouldn't drive me forward. I was nearly Bug Eyed with amazement!! Now What ?? The transmission or pin seemed to have broken. Was this the Fraser Triangle?? Immediately I picked up this big motor like a feather and put the 10 hp in its place. Ah, the benefits of a good adrenaline rush!! I saw the whole thing beginning again. This time because I wasn't towing the aluminium boat, I made very slow progress against the current which was running at about 6 knots. My only hope was to try and make it to the slower water at the side and hopefully sneak up to Island 22 campground. Somebody on shore had noticed my predicament and ran up to tell the military who were doing manoeuvres with their powerful pusher jet boats. One of them came down and towed me to Island 22. They seemed to be extremely concerned that I not tell anyone they were helping me. Evidently they pulled somebody's car out of the water last year and the people were suing them. So I promised not to thank them or tell anyone. So you're not reading this, right?

On July 12 I started up the Fraser again for Harrison Lake. The Harrison River rail bridge operator opened that section with diesel engines. I couldn't contact the highway bridge people early enough and decided to lower the mast rather than wait overnight. Compared to the Fraser, the water on the Harrison was beautifully clear. The water at the confluence registered 116 feet deep on the fish finder. The water on the Fraser is so loaded with silt that it actually hisses as it moves around the hull. The knot meter kept on spinning as I sat in the Fraser at Island 22 and when I left it had registered nearly 397 Nautical Miles.

Going back down the river was a daunting prospect and I decided to test the depths using a hand lead in all locations I felt insecure about. There weren't any real problems on the Harrison if one follows the charts and tests it first. However, I met a local river guide (Eric Fryer) who seemed genuinely amazed that I'd done it. He wanted to come aboard for the ride down through the section below Island 22 just for fun-unfortunately he was taking a tour group up to Harrison. When I was searching out that channel

I was very lucky to follow a Rivtow log tug through the tricky section between Yaalstrick Island and the Ecological Reserve Island and made it through with no hang ups. The river is dropping quite rapidly (Sept 1) so a mistake could have been costly. The rest of the trip was pretty uneventful and much faster than going up.

Additional Information for those wanting to explore the area:

Guides

* About $100 from Mission to Harrison Lake
* Catherwood Towing--Doug Kelly 604-826-9221
* Gravity Towing--Eric Fryer 604-826-7364
* Riv Tow--604-796-2291

Charts

* 3490-Sand Heads to Douglas Island
* 3489-Patullo Bridge
* 3488- Crescent Island
* 3061- Harrison Lake

--The most confusing section and the one subject to the most change is probably Yaalstrick Island to the island on the Fraser Ecological Reserve (chart 3488). --For information on parks and floats, contact the Fraser Valley Marine Association, Box 3284, Mission BC, V2V 4J4.

-- National Historic Site Fort Langley opposite MacMillan Island (chart 3488), and Kilby Historic Store and Farm at the Harrison Railway Bridge are well worth visiting. Kilby has a beautiful beach and great Blackberry picking as well.

Bridges

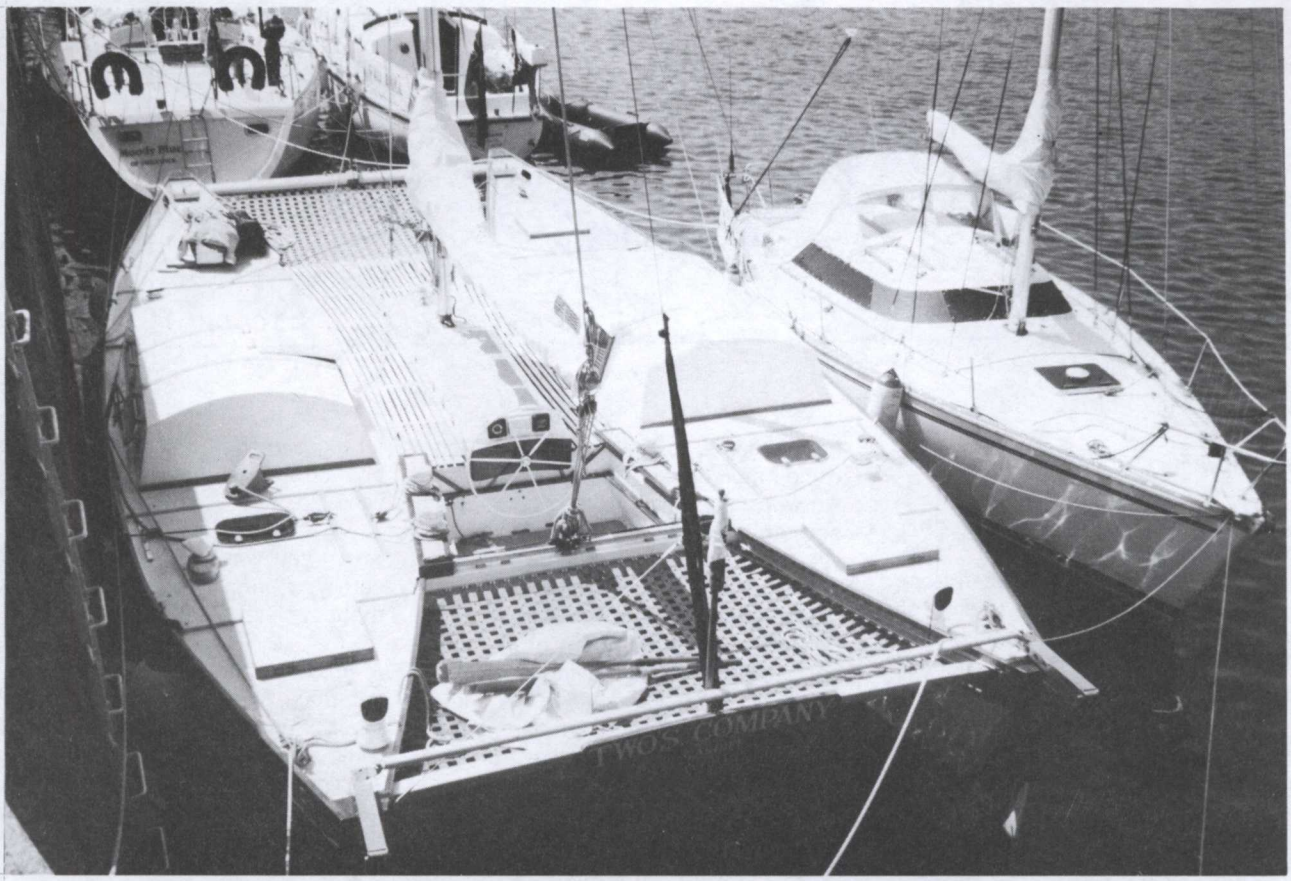
* Refer to Sailing Directions (Southern BC Coast) for Fraser River Bridges.
* Harrison Railway Swing Bridge--Attended 6am to 6pm April to September
* Harrison Highway Swing Bridge--At least 2 working days notice. No holiday(weekend service. Yellowhead Road and Bridge-Main Office-824-0713(Bill Guyer 796-2610,793-7521 Cell Phone

Outboard Rental

* The only source found for 15 to 40 hp motors--Empress Boat Rental 433-3985. Harrison Lake Marinas
* Harrison Lake Yacht Club--796-0O49
* Riv Tow--796-2291
* Jim Killer--796-3856
* Jack Theriault (In front of Hot Springs Hotel) 796-8398
* Public (Seaplane Dock--short stays only--next to Jack's).

Harrison Lake.

Harrison Lake is 50 feet above sea level about 60 miles inland. It is an inland fiord about 40 miles long and up to 900 feet deep. At the south end is the small town of Harrison Hot Springs. Behind it rises picturesque Mt. Cheam. The view down the lake ends in snow capped mountains with icefields. Historic Port Douglas is near the Lillooet River at this end. In the early 1860's, paddle wheel steamships dropped miners off here. They then took the Lillooet Trail to the Cariboo Gold Fields and Barkerville. It is also a living area for the legendary Sasquatch and 1100 lb White Sturgeon. The area was heavily logged but is still very beautiful. Sailing is excellent and it is a board sailing hotspot. The winds are 15 to 30 knots blowing mainly from the south. Anchorage's are few. From the town to Echo Island the water is only 11 feet deep at most with sandy bottom. Long Island Bay is sheltered.



Not Mark's boat, but a Tangaroa Mk 4 belonging to member Volker Ruge (currently sailing UK ~ Kenya)

CAT CORNER

SW Ireland~part 1

Andre Gietl ~ Tiki 26

Ed. This is the first part of a brilliant "Cat Corner", a great example to our many readers who are uncertain what the words mean !

I shall be describing some of the harbours moving west from **Youghal** (51°56' N, 007°50' W) on the south coast, to **Dingle** (52°7' N, 010°15'W) on the west coast. To get to all the boring details about approaches, dangers, entrances etc. I again strongly advise investing in the 'Sailing Directions.....': consequently, I will mostly comment on those parts of the various harbours that the Sailing Directory ignores or considers unsuitable for the average yacht.

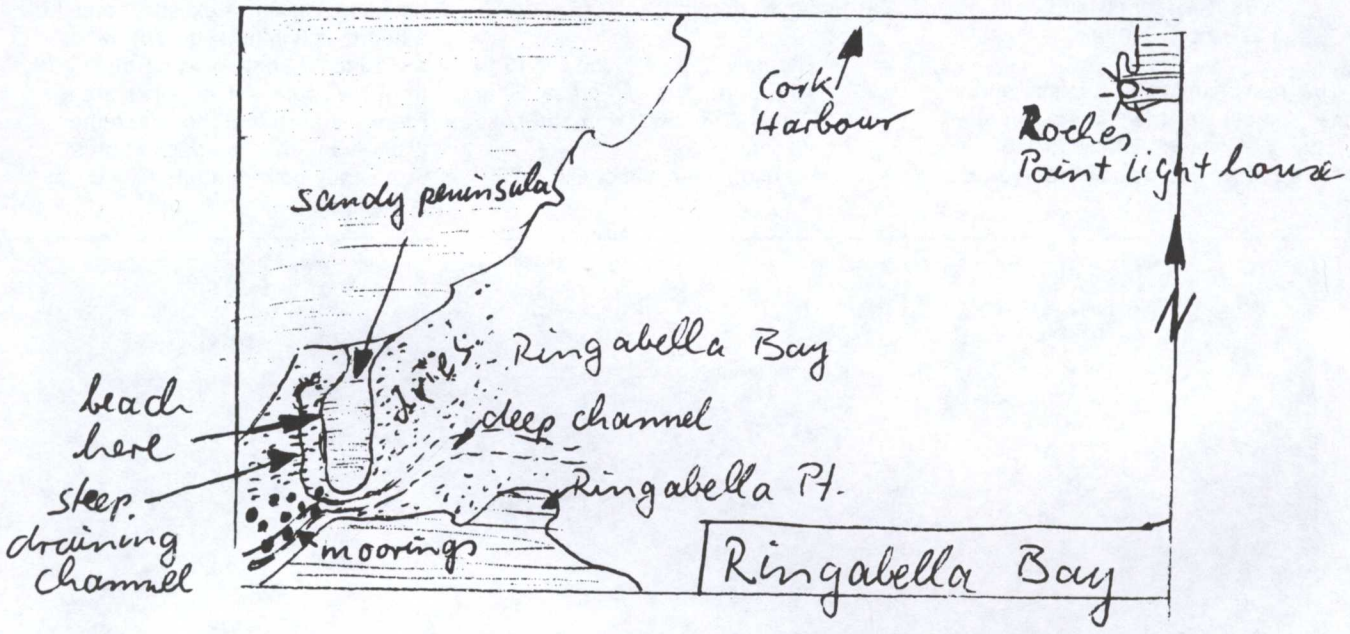
Youghal (pronounced Yawl) Harbour: the estuary of the River Blackwater; about two miles upstream from the busy town of Youghal (plenty of pubs and shops, etc.) a road bridge crosses the river which is navigable for almost 15 miles thereafter. But beware: the bridge clearance at LWST (Low Water Spring Tides) is, according to the Sailing Directions only 10.2 m, at HW (High Water) only 6.4 m! And it looks a lot lower than that.

The second trip I have ever done on **'Ean'** took us from Crosshaven to the Blackwater. Coming up to the bridge it seemed obvious that it was not supposed to be! Several attempts aborted at the last second saw us racing up to the bridge (we'll fit!) then luff up (we won't) and sail parallel to it while we twisted over our necks to judge if there would be any clearance or not..... Finally, we had to go for it - fit or hit it! We passed under it with no more than 2 feet to spare and felt immediately welcome to a different world on the other side. We found ourselves in on a river beautifully wooded on both shores and were soon sweating in the fluky winds of an inland waterway. After spending a day or two amidst wonderful surroundings frying our catch of dozens of mackerel on open fires, we decided to continue upstream as far as we could go.

The thick fog on that morning would have stopped anyone with a small bit of common-sense. But the daredevils we were and naive as they come, we set off to catch the in going tide. Which we needed since there was not the slightest puff of wind! So with neither wind nor engine, we started to drift merrily upstream leaving a wake only in the thick fog having lost sight of either river bank, when to my complete consternation, overhead wires began to manifest themselves, crossing our path. In total disbelief we just stood there and waited to see if we would fit - it never occurred to anyone to chuck the anchor out to avoid a test of the conductivity of a wooden mast. 'Ah, we'll fit all right!' one of my friends convinced himself more than me... But fit we did, and suitably shook we continued our river expedition. The fog began to lift only to reveal another overhead wire ahead. Luckily by now we had some wind and this time we attacked the obstacle with deliberation passing close to the shore to take advantage of the increased height.

Determinedly, we ignored the frantic gesticulations of some river bank residents some time later. Trying to stop us they kept shouting 'Too shallow' - they had obviously never seen a catamaran before - after all, what good is our shallow draft if you don't take the risk of running aground?!

We finally reached Cappoquin where an old railway viaduct at last put a stop to our gallop. We spent a peaceful night anchored in mid stream and beat down river the next day in a fresh wind.



So, if you want to do likewise make sure you bring boots with extra thick rubber soles!!

A French girl was not so lucky last summer. She lost her life when the mast of her cat touched the overhead wire, as she sailed along a channel 'not normally considered navigable' between the many islands of Clew Bay (further up on the West coast).

But even a trip up the river by dinghy

should be well worth doing - the scenery is absolutely beautiful and populated predominantly by birds.

Cork Harbour: must have been splendidly beautiful before - now the sewer for numerous chemical plants and Ireland's second largest city. The most pleasant anchorage at East Ferry (see Sailing Directions).

Crosshaven: in Cork harbour, a main yacht harbour on the SW coast with a number of boatyards, a yacht club and the normal yacht facilities. Good pub scene (music most nights). A less crowded and very scenic anchorage can be found 1 or 2 miles upriver (Drake's Pool).

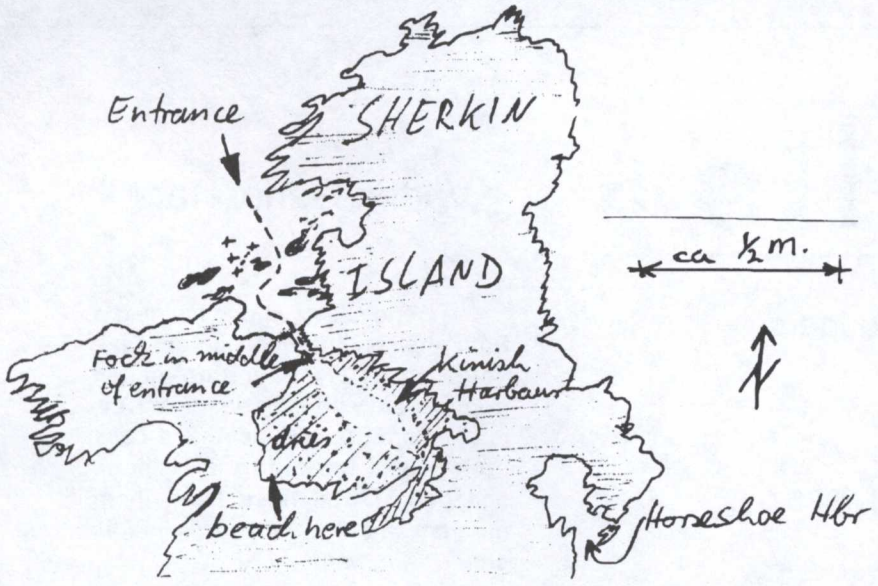
Ringabella Bay: 2 miles SW of the entrance to Cork harbour. Perfect shelter can be found behind a sandy spit which narrows the drying entrance to about 30m. The access is further obstructed by a number of boats moored just inside the narrow passage (see drawing).

Enter around HW and pull upon the gravel beach opposite the sandy beach. Watch out or poke around for a draining channel a few feet wide and about 3 feet deep. (Could be a comfortable night on the mud with the sterns hanging into this ditch at LW).

from 3 or 4 miles of drying estuary with very good shelter and wooden shores - and that's why I love it! Plenty of firewood to barbecue the mackerel which usually abound off the S Coast from July on.

Kinsale: is a 'very nice' town - the 'seafood capital', everything for the tourist and the 'yachty'.

Courtmacsherry: definitely a cat corner; an expanse of sand banks over a length of 3 miles. After beaching my boat there outside the village a couple of years ago I was strolling into town when I noticed a 40 ft 'heel' boat in the bay (hence the name) over without any sails up. And the angle increased while she did not move an inch - you guessed it : hard aground and the tide going out. The lifeboat finally tried to pull them off - too late though. So the lifeboat crew began to run around ashore desperately looking for sticks and any other sort of prop to prevent her from going over completely and possibly filling up with the incoming tide. They eventually succeeded in heeling at about 45 degrees- must have been a few pretty uncomfortable hours waiting for the tide. If I had not been beached already myself, I would have liked to sail up to them and watch it all close up comfortably horizontally aground!



Practically the whole narrower part of the bay dries at LW turning into a great expanse of sand outside the small sandy peninsula. Once inside Ringabella Point, stay close to the Southern shore where the deep channel runs.

Oysterhaven: The eastern part is mainly used by wind surfers and the western arm has nothing to offer apart

Clonakilty Bay, Mill Cove, Tralong Bay and Roncarbery: all appear like good cat corners - I have never landed in any of them.

Castle Haven: The estuary to the north of the narrow passage is navigable to the head at HW. A peaceful spot to beach the cat on soft, almost level bottom can be found in the north-western corner North of a rocky ledge that runs more or less e - w and dries at LW.

Barloge Harbour: Absolutely delightful spot, and I have rarely found dropping the anchor such a relief as in this sheltered nest.

Approaching this lee shore visible through the mist only by the flashing teeth of white break against the rocks and with nightfall snapping at our heels it sure felt like madness to enter what looked like Neptune's den.

Only once you are actually in the narrow entrance is it possible to make out the narrow harbour. Not recommended without an engine!

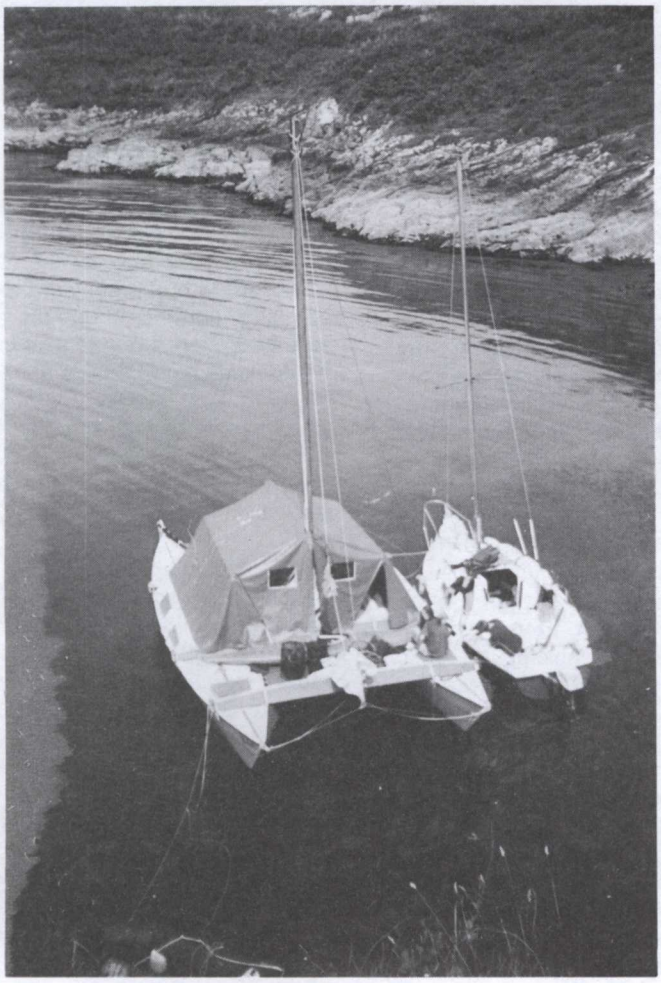
Lough Hyne: above Barloge is an ecological curiosity with a varied marine life and enjoys some advantages that come with being designated a Nature Reserve. The Lough is connected to Barloge Harbour and is accessible by dinghy near HW. There are also lovely walks up to the top of the wooded hills with fine views of the surrounding area.

Sherkin Island: Horeshoe Harbour on the south side offers good shelter near the north east and the west corner depending on the wind direction, but difficult to get hooked well in the weedy bottom.

A true cat corner can be found on the north side of the island in Kinish Harbour but the approach is very tricky (see enlarged map in the Sailing Directions) .

The entrance itself is only about 25m wide and is also obstructed by a drying rock which is not marked on the enlarged map in the Sailing Directions smack in the middle of the entrance just before the harbour begins to open out. Don't be disheartened and enter near HW - the excitement of the approach is rewarded by perfect shelter amidst wild surroundings in the middle of the island. The best place to beach the cat is in the south western extremity of the harbour.

Then, once across a narrow sandy dune, you find the first of a number of lovely sandy beaches of Sherkin Island. The kids will love it and you will be reminded of those lovely beaches for along time afterwards. Because every time you move the hatch covers or open the bunk boards, or move anything at all for that matter, you will double over with pain as you have to listen to the grinding and scraping



noise of sand everywhere. This is the real drawback of a beachable boat and only self builders can really understand what I am talking about.....

If you are extremely fond of your kids also make a stopover on **Hare Island** (to the north of Sherkin Island): Here is enough sand to turn anybody's hair grey - but I have to admit the bight on the east of the island is a splendid beach. Beware of numerous submerged rocks along the outer line of this bay. They are quite visible though against the white sandy bottom.

Hare Island also boasts a cottage style restaurant run by an eccentric Irish chef of world fame who spends part of his professional life in Paris teaching the French how to cook!!

(We continue the journey around SW Ireland in the next edition. André has asked if you require further information, to please call him on (0)27 51942, adding the appropriate international dialling code for Ireland).

Horseshoe Harbour,
Sherkin Island.

A safe pontoon to
tie up a keel boat!

D Sails

Manufacturers of Sails, Dodgers, Covers
Repair Service
Sails for TIKI range
Spray dodgers for TIKI & Classic
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813312 or fax 815465

Vortex Generators

Carlo Clavi, who is building a Pahi 42, is another person (see Toroa mag 27) after information from people with experience of Vortex Generators. We have had copy from people **intending** to fit them, and people who **have** fitted them *but very little from anyone who has* ***sailed*** *with them!*

Come on, let's have some feedback from you people using them 'cos Carlo is getting heavy about not hearing from you..... *(Ed. Carlo is the guy in mag 26 who's boat talks to him.....)*

TIKI 21 ~ SALAM

Better late than never.

Svein Westerheim - Norway tells how his Tiki 21 finally saw the water in the most northern country with active members.

The headline indicates that you shall never give up, even if you have been building your boat for a very long time. I don't know if this is a record, but I started building my Tiki 21 approximately 8 years ago. I ordered the drawings in 1987 and built one and a half hulls in the first year. Then I started to build a new house and the boat project was put off for some years.

Last year I started again and was hoping to be sailing this summer, but unfortunately I did not manage to finish the boat before the middle of August. In spite of this being almost the end of the sailing season in Norway, I could not stand waiting until next year and decided to launch it.

The 26th August, everything was ready. The boat was transported to a beach with a rented trailer and several friends gathered to take part in the ceremony and to give a hand with the launching. The weather was nice with the sun shining, a light breeze. My boat was named "Salam" (*Arabian for peace, contentment, well being*) during a short ceremony with champagne and snacks, and then pushed into the water.

It is not possible to describe the feeling when I saw my Tiki 21 floating for the first time after such a long time working and dreaming. When we had the first test sail and discovered that the boat really was sailing as expected, and heard the sounds of the water being smoothly separated by the two narrow hulls, it was really a great moment.

The weather has not been too good in September, but I have done some sailing with "Salam" and have some ideas about its performance. It is a wonderful boat, lightly driven, fast and can take a lot of wind. As expected, it need some space to turn. You have to take it easy, especially in narrow harbours. The advantage is that you can let the tiller go and it still be sailing straight ahead. I already knew the technique for tacking, using the jib, from a old long keeled double ender I owned some years ago, so that was no problem.

The first mishap happened when the tillers went all the way to one side and one of the pegs broke. After a repair, I have now limited the movement of the tillers with shock-cords (this should have been mentioned in the drawings). One thing that has to be done next year is to lower the outboard motor bracket (*Ed. see page 18*). I would also like to have a zippable mainsail. As I have understood, it is now available from Jeckels, *(Ed. also from D-Sails.)* but it was not mentioned when I ordered the sails. As my boat will normally be moored on a buoy and be left for periods without any attention, it would be better to be able to remove the sail when leaving the boat (does anyone have some experience with a zippable mainsail?) *(Ed. You will find that all the grp TIKI 26's from Imagine Multihulls have been fitted with zipped main luff pockets. I have also fitted one to my modified Tanenui. Reports from other members have been very favourable. The zipped luffs are a real aid to sail handling and maintenance . Adrian)*

I have not decided whether I am going to like the main hatch arrangement or not, may be I will get used to it. (Has anybody who has modified it?) *Ed. Write in with drawings/photo's, anyone who has).* One comment: even if you are not building a house, I don't think it is possible to build a Tiki 21 in 300 hours, unless you are a professional boat builder and have a lot of working space and tools (I built my boat in a narrow shed approx. 8'4" by 22').

Next spring, I will sail "Salam" from my home place Drammen to Hvaler, which is a group of Islands in the south-eastern part of Norway, almost on the border of Sweden, where it will be moored. Is it approximately 60 miles and I look forward to this sailing.

Maybe I will send a report next year.

NEWS FROM SEAPEOPLE

Australia

Peter Ballie of Bondi Beach sails his Tiki 21 **"Boris the Brave"** in six month 'bursts', storing the boat in backyards, sheds etc. in between. He says he will shortly be in Broome, Western Australia having first left Brisbane, Queensland in 1986 (the year he launched). "Boris" Left Cooktown, Qld. in march '95 and sailed around Cape York heading for Broome. (*We need to hear more about "Boris the Brave's" travels, please Peter. Don't forget the photo's. Ed.)*

Austria

From Franz Suttner of Vienna.

I own a Tiki 26 named **"Tapioka",** built by Phil Young in 1993 in Nurnberg, Germany. The boat was launched in Viareggio, Italy, in summer 1993. Phil did a great work in building the boat, by using a great deal of visible wood, like a wooden front beam, wooden hatch covers a wooden steering unit and wooden clamps. He combined two different kinds of wood - cedar and elm- which give the boat a nice light and dark brown shape of colours.

Since 1993 "Tapioka" took me all around Corsica, to Toulon (where it stayed for its first winter season), then back to Pisa (its second winter rest) and afterwards all to the south of Sardenga. Four weeks ago I trailed it back home to Vienna, Austria in order to do some little restoration works and fit in a wind-vane self steering system.

The boat raised some 16 knots high speed over ground (measured by Magellan GPS), in force six beaufort wind speed to the north of Corsica, which gave me and my crew a nice little thrill!

Tapioka is my first boat on which I am cruising through the Mediterranean Seas. It earned a lot of recognition and respect by native sea- and fishermen, because it has a very simple construction and is finished very perfectly and neatly by Phil Young.

The plans for the next season are: launching the boat in Grado, Italy, do a short call at the Canale Grande, Venice (which always was a secret dream of mine), afterwards going south to Greece and do some training for the great wish for 1997: crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

Austria has by now a little community of Wharram-ship owners. There was a little get together about five weeks ago on the Austrian "Neusiedler See", where nine Wharram catamarans met. I shall enclose some pictures of that meeting and some pictures of Tapioka with this letter.

With kindest regards. Franz

Brazil

From Luis Figueirdo.

Luis is building a Pahi 31 in Sao Paulo and in the meantime sails a Hinemoa **"Aracaty"** (Sea breeze in local indian language) which he bought in a club auction in a very bad condition. Luis rebuilt her himself and today he says, she looks beautiful. "I never saw other Wharram cats but there are many "Hobie" style cats here. Brazil is a country with an 8000 km. coastline with thousands of fantastic places."

New Zealand

WAKA MOANA SYMPOSIUM: "VOYAGES FROM THE PAST TO THE FUTURE".

Described as "a hands-on experience of traditional Oceanic canoe building, sailing and navigating ", this symposium will be held at the National Maritime Museum, Auckland from the 18th to the 24th of March 1996, Amongst the guest speakers are **James Wharram, Rory McDougal,** Dr. David Lewis and many of the builders and skippers of the replica craft which **"Spirit of Gaia"** met on her Pacific crossing. The programme includes workshops on Lashing and carving methods, general building and sail making techniques and sailing and paddling. There will be discussions and lectures about navigation , canoe stories, voyages and the archaeology of Oceania. The event will finish with a two day Festival of cultural performances, outrigger canoe sprints etc.

Ed. Any members attending the symposium REMEMBER THE SEAPEOPLE! We need a report of this event with photographs and video if possible.

Portugal

From Dave Hender.

"Big Tiddles" is in the lagoon at Culatra, Daughter Jo is now cruising with Nick Skeates on "Wylo" and Dave and his new First Mate Jane are briefly back in the U.K. sorting out a wind vane self steering gear. Dave and Jane left portugal for Madiera in the autumn but with the failure of the electronic auto pilot decided that they couldn't face the thought of continous hand steering across the Atlantic and returned to the sandy lagoon in the sun! The photo' shows Dave and Nick sailing "Big Tiddles" off the coast of southern Portugal.

U.K.

Richard Adams

Writes from Hamble to say that he is in the final stages at last of building his Narai, "**Adams Apple**". At the time of writing Richard had the beams to finish and the rudders to hang. He has a half tide mooring on the Hamble River ready for when he launches. (*Don't forget the pictures and report for the Sea People when the great day comes Richard.Ed.*)

U.S.A.

Steve Howe writes to say:

I am looking for building tips and

ideas to incorporate into my Tiki 26 (No. 243). The boat is coming along quite well, the beams are glassed on top and painted with the cleats still to be attached. I've made the tillers, tiller bar and gaff, the hulls are completed to where I'm mounting the top hullsides to the hull. I've also a pine tree I cut from the nearby national forest that's been drying so I'll try shaping it into a mast. I'll let you know how this works. I've started making rope stropped blocks from a 2" ash board that I bought. I have the shells and pulleys cut out and have assembled one of the blocks to use on a dinghy that I built this summer. It works very well although when I make the strops for the blocks on the Tiki 26 I shall use at least 3/8" rope.

All this as well as about 60 hours building a shed (tarp. covered) and ripping 2"x12" lumber for the stringers has come to 587 hours as I write this.

A FEW TIPS

1) Make patterns from heavy paper or light card for bulkheads and cross beam pieces, it's much simpler and you don't have as many lines on the ply to cause confusion. Just pull out the pattern which has all the lines on it and lay it directly on the plywood to mark your cut lines. My cross beams have a couple of extra butt blocks stemming from confusion caused by having too many lines on them and mistakenly cutting to the wrong one! Also be sure to cut out the bolt access holes on the mastbeam front fairing. Mine are now assembled and I still have to do this, I can see it will be a royal pain in the ass!

2) One off the best investments toolwise that I have made was selecting a Bosch industrial grade jigsaw. This allowed me to cut out all four of the hullsides and top hullsides at once (after carefully laying out and checking and rechecking to make sure that everything is accurate.) You must stack them properly, A side to A side and clamp them so they stay square. To be honest I didn't even plane down the to the line as the plans recommend (I hadn't learned to use a plane yet at this stage!) but simply cut as close to the line with the jigsaw as I could. everything has gone together O.K. so I guess that it's all right.

3) One thing that a Tiki builder can hardly have too many of is clamps, what with gluing beams, hullsides and stringers, bulkheads and deck-beams together. I made 77 clamps for a cost of 17 cents each following a tip in an old woodworking magazine. You take a length of 4" PVC pipe and cut it with your jigsaw into one and a half inch slices. You will end up with 75 or 80 slices of pipe that look like zeros, make one cut in the side of the zeros turning them into nearly closed letter Cs.

Keep the issues coming, here in the American Midwest there isn't much available on Wharram cruising cats. Ironically, in the summer of 94 on a family trip in the desert Southwest I bumped into Wharram catamarans twice in three days! The first came as we drove through an Indian reservation between Albuquerque, New Mexico and Durango, Colorado. Behind a ratty mobile home, nestled in a junk strewn sagebrush field sat a forlorn looking Tane! I was told that the owner wanted $1000 for a boat that looked ready for a Viking funeral! If any one is interested I can give more precise directions. Two days later while walking down a trail to Spruce Tree House in Mesa Verde National Park, Southwest Colorado I heard a man ahead of me ask others in his group the name of a particular bush. I had just learned that it was called Mountain Mahogany and told him that. He laughed and said they must make mighty small boats out of that. Turns out that 20 years earlier he built a Hina in Texas!

Ditty Bag

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Shirwell N. Devon

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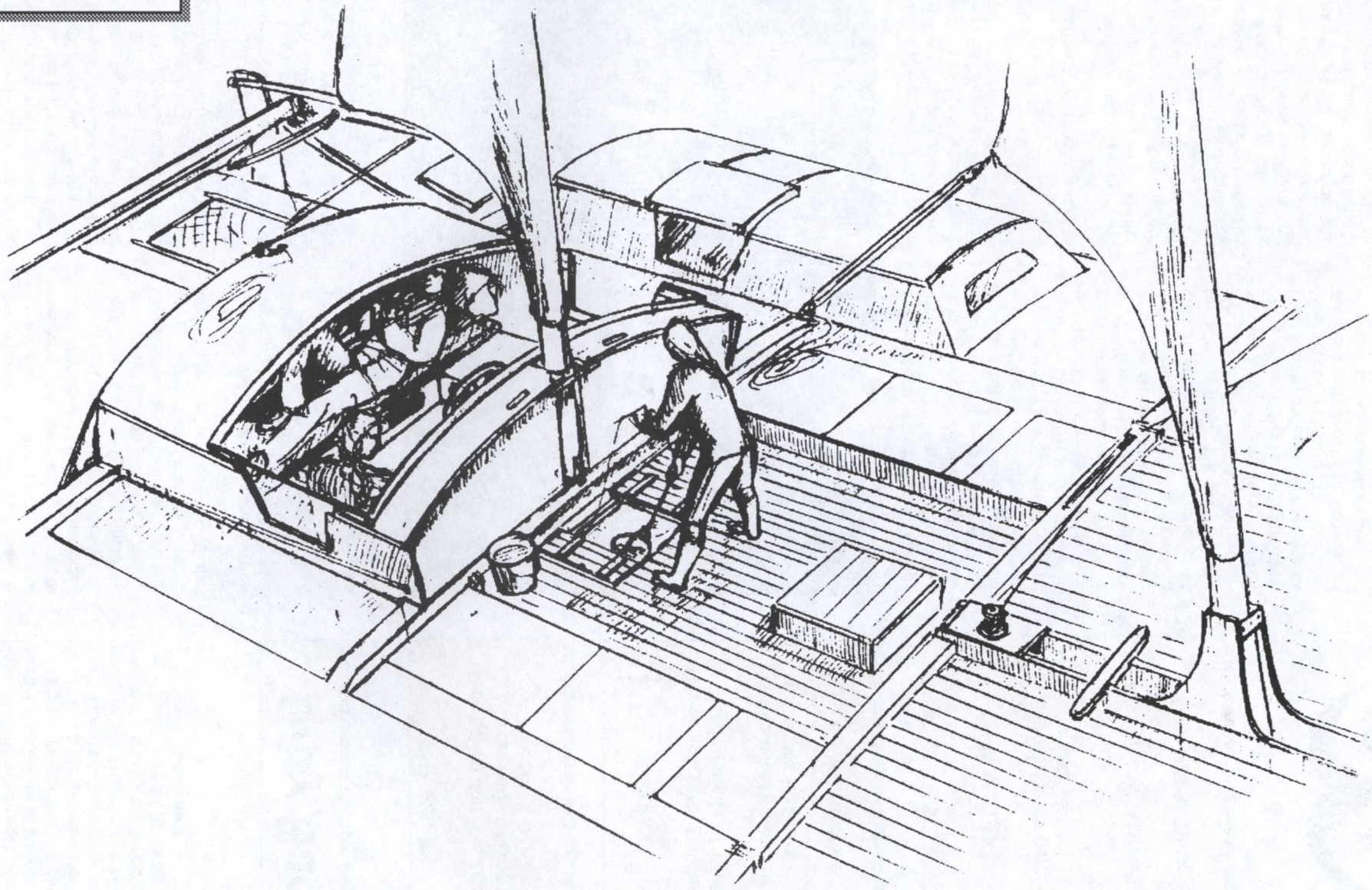

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